

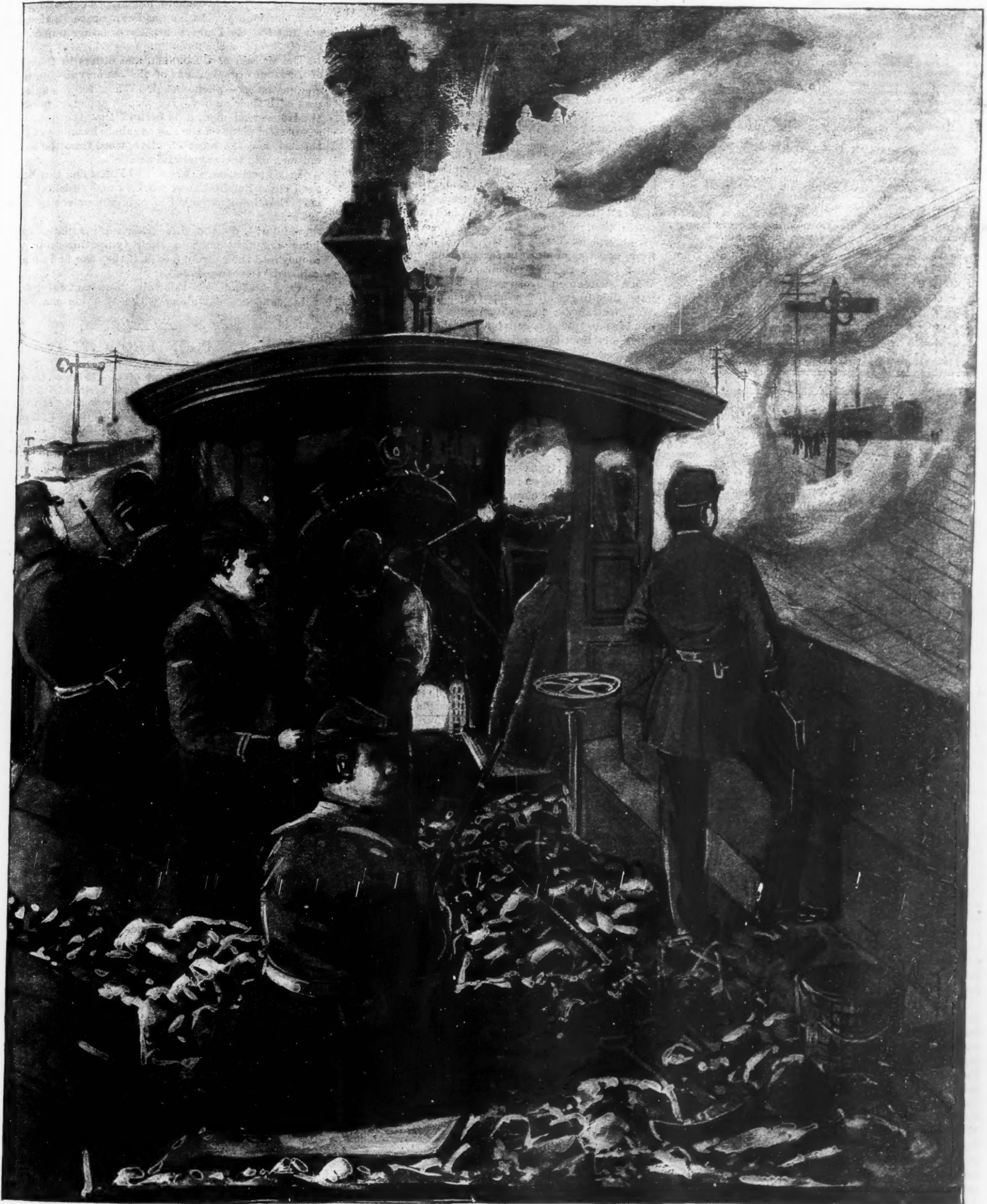
ONCE A WEEK

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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AN ARMED LOCOMOTIVE—AN INCIDENT OF THE LABOR TROUBLES AT BUFFALO.

[Sketched by a Special Artist.]

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JULIUS CHAMBERS EDITOR

[FROM ONCE A WEEK, April 26, 1892.]

YOUTH is the gift of Heaven. It is the most splendid conception of the divine mind. To a man it is worth the supremacy of the world. A woman will exchange her immortality for it. To a newspaper, likewise, it is all-important. It comprehends activity, dash, pure blood, honest emotions, sincerity, strength. A newspaper that attains success during its days of youth forever remains young. Years do not age it or dull its intelligence and enthusiasm. It has not eaten its heart out with anxiety or allowed its blood to be thinned by corroding cares. Pride of success it may justly feel. Arrogance it never can assume, because to be arrogant is to be conceited, and conceit is not an attribute of youth. Such is the position of ONCE A WEEK to-day.

THE SUREST REMEDY.

IN the olden times, whenever the employee became dissatisfied with his employer's terms he drew his wages and left him. The employer hired another man, and the employee looked elsewhere for work. At a later period large bodies of men struck when they became dissatisfied, and then waited for their employer to come to terms. Still later the strike included the preventing of other men from taking the strikers' places. For this purpose moral suasion, fraternal appeals, violence, intimidation, and even bloodshed were successively resorted to by the strikers and their sympathizers.

One more stage of industrial development brought us to present conditions, which appear in two distinct phases. Capital invested in great enterprises is now invariably organized, and in time of strikes it employs armed guards of its own selection and at its own expense, or it calls upon the State for the militia in case of riot, to protect its property and its new employees. Labor also is organized into unions, brotherhoods, associations, federations and assemblies. The organization of labor is not very thorough, owing to the lack of the cohesive power of money that holds organized capital together. It is plain that the contest between organized capital and organized labor must, under our present laws, be an unequal one. The former has property and other interests which the law must protect. Organized labor has nothing but its union man's day's work, and our laws have not yet sanctioned the calling out of the militia to protect that against the competition of men temporarily out of employment.

The development of the mutual relations between employer and employed under the system of payment for labor is highly instructive. At first the employer was absolute master in the matter of wages. After the lapse and decadence of the feudal system of serfdom in Europe the wage system had thrown the workman absolutely upon his own resources. He was no longer entitled—as under the feudal system—to a place, a home, such as it was, with the lord of the manor. With no capital but his health, skill and muscular endurance, he became a dependent, who was also compelled to be the artificer of his own fortune. In our own country, during the slavery days immediately preceding the war, this living, breathing toy of Fortune's vicissitudes built the very Erie Railroad that is now fighting his more fortunate brother. He followed the

Mississippi River from the Gulf to St. Paul, to work at the landings or to find successively ripening grain fields to harvest with his trusty cradle. He followed steamboating in Summer and the logging camp in Winter. He left his family "at home" while he tramped the country to earn money to buy them the wherewithal. The employer was usually content to pay him the small pittance he demanded; but in case of disagreement our free-born dependent could pass on to the next job.

When great enterprises sprang up in all parts of the country large bodies of workmen were required to man them. Employment became permanent. Thriving towns sprang up around busy factories. The transients, it is true, came and went, squandered their money, became acquainted with many industrial centers and, in some cases perhaps, became professional tramps and criminals. The pineries, the railroads, the lakes and rivers, and the logging, mining and construction camps in their turn found these wayward children of gay and hungry contrasts, and came to know them by their world-wide "information." But great steel plants and the trunk line railroads of this country to-day have been enjoying a steadily increasing number of the permanent and a rapidly decreasing annoyance from the transient class of employees.

In time of railroad strikes, however, the transients invariably come to the front, but seldom into sight. They "throw" switches, pull coupling-pins and let off brakes without plan or authority, and they are then set down in the daily papers as "strikers or their sympathizers." Occasionally they are hired to take strikers' places, though Manager LAYNG, of the West Shore, and Vice-president WEBB, of the New York Central, inform us that applicants for positions as switchmen must pass a rigid examination and show references. When switchmen are urgently needed it is doubtless impossible to get all first-class men the same day who can learn interlocking switches and the name of each one of seventy-five parallel tracks by the light of the lantern! So that transients of the better class who have ever "railroaded" stand a chance to help to fill up the quota that gets trains out all right under the guidance of those phenomenal "locality" beings—the veteran yardmaster and his assistants—and under the protection of the military arm of the State.

The dispute between organized capital and organized labor hinges largely on the relative proportion of transient to permanent workmen. Transients of the worse and the better class, respectively, will settle the dispute every time, as matters stand at present. Transients of the better class will take union men's places if they get protection. The other class of transients will figure as "strikers and their sympathizers" in deeds of violence, thus calling out the militia. Organized labor is at this time confronted by a triple alliance of organized wealth, the selfishness of individualism among workmen and the public opinion manufactured out of the deeds of actual and embryo criminals, who have all the lawless instincts of the anarchist without his shrewdness.

To meet this crisis we regret that we see no unfailing legislative expedient at present available for labor organizations. Compulsory arbitration, unless enacted into a stringent law, might become the plaything of the corporation lawyers who watch the interests of such corporations as the Erie, Reading and Central. The governors of New York, New Jersey and perhaps Pennsylvania have found them more than a match for the Legislature and the executive veto in the matter of the Reading "deal," the heating of passenger cars and the ten-hour law.

Organized labor must pull itself together and follow the example of organized wealth. The joint stock company is the modern engine to operate great enterprises. Organized labor is at present not even a partnership among its members; it has no property and absolutely no State protection, if the most indisputable rights of labor were ever assailed, against tyrannical employers.

The savings of American workmen would represent a capitalization greater than that of any corporation in the world. It could be used in industrial enterprises of all kinds. With it workmen could establish banks and insurance companies. They could deal in city and suburban real estate. But the chief object of such a joint stock company should be to furnish workmen, skilled and unskilled, to the many new and well-backed enterprises that are springing up from time to time, and to deal with existing corporations on a thoroughly and purely business basis. The result of such a capitalization would be that the members themselves would be benefited, unorganized labor would soon seek admission, and organized labor would be something besides a mere sentiment—a creature, the breath of whose life depends upon fickle public opinion, the number of available black sheep and the calling out or refusal of the militia.

GRAND MASTERS SWEENEY and SARGENT present their views on the causes and the effects of the recent labor troubles through the columns of ONCE A WEEK.

A FEW PLAIN WORDS.

MESSRS. FRICK, MCLEOD, WEBB and BRUNN would do well to study the "better class" of union workmen. Do these magnates really know the men with whom they are dealing? An object lesson is contained in the following interview: A foreman of one of the largest publishing houses in the United States was accosted by a prominent newspaper correspondent recently, who said: "You are a man of considerable wealth, and you have men under you who might give you trouble some day, if they do as you have been doing recently, in assisting the Homestead and Buffalo strikers with your money and moral support. You have admitted to me that you believe the 'boys' in both cases have made a mistake. How do you explain your course?"

"The 'boys' have made a mistake. That is why they need the money. As long as I can spare it, they will get my share. I am not a fair-weather union man, merely," replied the foreman.

The success of O'DONNELL and others in their tour of the labor organizations of the country is—under the circumstances—phenomenal. When fellow-unionists part with their money, give picnics and start funds for the Homestead men, it is certain that the great CARNEGIE steel plant on the Monongahela has not yet heard the last, nor the most effective, word from the locked-out men and their sympathizers.

In all seriousness, where will FRICK find three thousand eight hundred steel workers and assistant laborers? Does he expect other labor organizations to handle his product?

Similarly, do the three railroad magnates expect labor organizations and their sympathizers to pour money into their strong-boxes, if they can find a "union railroad" to patronize?

Or is it a fact that this valiant quartet defy, do not value, and can get along without, union money and union good will?

ANOTHER COON BROUGHT DOWN.

[From the New York Times.]

The London correspondent of the *Tribune* has been dropped until after election because certain Irish Republicans have loudly insisted that they would not vote for Harrison and Reid if Mr. Reid continued to employ a Tory Squire upon his newspaper. The initials "G. W. S." are no longer to be found in the *Tribune*, and the English correspondence appears to have been intrusted to another hand. But there may be a dozen reasons for the change, none of them connected with the candidacy of Mr. Reid.

YES, we should say so. For example, ONCE A WEEK showed this cad SMALLEY up in his true light. We are told that he dislikes GLADSTONE. Od'szooks, if SMALLEY isn't satisfied to have GLADSTONE form a cabinet that settles him—we mean GLADSTONE! Candidly, in our opinion, politics haven't anything to do with SMALLEY's sudden extinction. General incompetency and recognized stupidity did the business for him. Incidentally, lying about a certain American industry named ONCE A WEEK had considerable to do with the change. We congratulate the *Tribune*.

If the cholera can be kept out of this country until the cool weather sets in it will be easy to guard against it after that. There is no ground at present either for alarm or for over-confidence. Keep the stomach strong and the hands scrupulously clean at meal time. Drinking water must be thoroughly boiled at a high temperature and meals should be served and eaten hot. If the cholera germ develops in places cursed with bad water its spread cannot be prevented unless every drop that is drunk is boiled. Every suspicious water supply must be closed up. If the people will take extra precautions at home the government authorities will do the rest.

LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR CHAUNCEY F. BLACK, of Pennsylvania, has adopted the cue of ONCE A WEEK and has written for the September *Forum* a review of the trouble at Homestead, in which he makes an effort to point out a remedy for such conflicts. He proposes the incorporation of labor organizations on the same plan and plane with organizations of capital.

THE MARS FEVER.

I AM just now so interested in the planet Mars that I have almost lost all interest in what is going on in the planet in which my lot is cast. But as it is not absolutely certain that there are inhabitants in Mars; and as, if there are, it is not certain that they have telescopes to distinguish any signals that we may make, I think, on the whole, that it would be well to wait for these signals before we spend money in signaling to them. But why should we not have a telescope twice as powerful as the Lick? The reply is, the difficulty of making a large telescope. But I have always heard this, and yet it is periodically proved to be incorrect, by a larger one than those then in existence being made. If the Lick telescope brings us within thirty thousand miles of Mars, one twice as large would bring it within fifteen thousand miles, and then we might progress to seven thousand miles.

HENRY LABOUCHERE.

WOMEN COMPOSERS OF MUSIC IN BALTIMORE.

It has often been asserted that no really fine work of music has ever been composed by a woman, although they have shown a capacity for greatness in literature and painting. Many explanations have been offered for this singular fact. In Germany, one of the homes of music, the chivalrous spirit of assistance to women does not exist as in America. To us may belong the glory of producing a great woman composer, and although as yet no grand oratorio of hers has rolled down the ages, still before Macaulay's New Zealander will have begun his dreary meditations she may have made for herself a name in this sublime art.

The Peabody Conservatory of Music at Baltimore is the nucleus from which the lesser musical organizations of that city radiate. Equipped with an excellent orchestra of seventy performers, a well-balanced chorus and a leader of established genius, this institution has established a taste for the highest order of music.

Under the supervision of Sir Asger Hamerik the conservatory has far outgrown its original dimensions. Director Hamerik fully recognizes the importance of training women for the practical as well as the ornamental department of music, and is a great advocate of the study of orchestral instruments for them, and offers them every opportunity to gain distinctions usually accorded only to students. He considers them peculiarly adapted for the creative part of this great art, and asserts that the future holds out for them a glorious prospect.



MARGARET E. WILLIAMS.

Our photograph to-day represents one of the younger composers, and one who has already made for herself a name. She was born in Columbia, Tenn., twenty-three years ago, but has lived in Baltimore for some time, and has studied for six years at the Peabody. She was graduated this year with brilliant honors, and received the Peabody diploma, which, as Professor Carl Faelton, the director of the New England Conservatory, says, "is the very hardest to obtain in this country, so high is its standard."

Miss Williams has enjoyed the distinction of having one of her compositions performed at the first symphony concert given at the Peabody this season in a programme of classical composers of the first order. Her thoughts are original in inspiration and treatment. She is exceedingly versatile, her compositions covering a wide range, from simple song to double fugue for two choirs. Sonata, quartette and orchestra music are written with like fluency. She shows reserve talent sufficient to warrant much in her future career.

From 1883 until the present time only six diplomas have been given, and four of these were obtained by women. The first to take this degree was Miss Hermine L. Hoen, who received the diploma for distinguished musicianship. Her compositions were many. Her first was a group of songs that were favorably noticed. Her three-stringed quartettes and her sonata for piano were also very good. Besides, she has composed work for orchestra, fugues and small choruses. Miss Hoen comes of a musical family; her sister, Miss Agnes Hoen, has displayed skill and talent in this art. In 1885, Miss Elizabeth E. Starr received the second diploma given to a woman. She took the degree for theory and vocal proficiency. She still continues her musical course, and is now director of a chorus in one of the principal churches in Baltimore.

Perhaps the woman who has shown the most originality as a composer of song is Miss Etta Dickson. She had already exhibited talent as a musician, but struggled in vain for many years to become a pianist. It is only lately that she has turned her attention to composition. She has written a string quartette, some songs and some small choruses for mixed voices, given at a concert of the Oratorio Society. A collection of hers was also sung at a Public Peabody Recital.

The name that is most constantly heard now, however, in Baltimore, is that of Miss Emma R. Steiner, the composer of several clever operas. One was a dramatization

of Tennyson's "Day Dreams," and another was the opera of "Fleurette." She has also composed smaller pieces for piano. At present she is the director of the Summer Opera at the Baltimore Academy. Miss Steiner has displayed courage and ability, and well fills the unique position of the only American woman conductor of an orchestra. The press praises her entirely feminine manner, yet she leads her orchestra in a vigorous and easy way.

Miss Estelle Andrews received a diploma in 1886, and was graduated as composer and pianist. She has since achieved distinction in Boston, in which city she frequently has played in public, being instructress in Wellesley College for three years. Then she assumed a similar position in the New England Conservatory of Music. She has given several recitals in her native city, and twice performed with great success at the symphony concerts. She has also had the pleasure of playing first violin in a string quartette of her composition at its public performance.

Mrs. N. G. Penniman is also known as the composer of many fine songs. She was enthusiastically elected president of the Baltimore Beethoven Chorus Class—a fine organization for female voices.

Miss Flora Sandek, of Bohemia, now in Baltimore, is well known as a composer of concerted music, and a writer of songs and duets.

Among others who have attained eminence not immediately connected with the Baltimore Conservatory must be mentioned Miss Cecilia Gaul, who, at the age of eleven, composed a sonata for piano, and several less pretentious works. She has since become eminent as a pianist, having received her musical training from the distinguished Liszt. She has played abroad, and in most of the large cities of this country, and was for many years instructress at the Cincinnati Conservatory under Theodore Thomas.

Among the women who promise to attain eminence may be mentioned Miss Eliza Woods, Miss Grace Hank and Miss Palmer.

There is an orchestral class in connection with the Peabody that offers excellent opportunity for the study and practice of instruments not usually performed on by women, as there is no real reason why they should confine themselves alone to the piano. This class numbers about fifty-five, and fifteen to eighteen of this number are women. The leader, Professor Adam Itzel, is instructor, and is a graduate of this institution. Their programme covers such composers as symphonies and concertos by Beethoven, Mozart, Haydn, Gade, Weber and Liszt. Miss May Evans is leader of the violins.

As this sketch is only intended to note the women composers nothing can be said now of the many brilliant and talented musicians in our midst; nor can we speak of the men and women gifted with glorious voices, nor of those who have displayed taste and skill in the various branches of this art, and who are proficient on violin and cello, as well as on piano, but ere long may be added to Baltimore's proud boast of her beautiful women, the most clever, the most original and the most skilled musicians of the gentle sex.

THE NEW PLAYS.

A HOST of delightful old acquaintances were met the evening on which "Killarney" was produced at the Star Theater. "Old wine in new bottles," old friends in new clothes; and spruce and natty they were, too. Time has dealt gently with the Irish drama. There is no perceptible adulteration in the brand of fifty years ago. The Colleen is just as pretty, and she sings and dances away her load of care through four acts and many scenes. The long practiced pen of Mr. Con. T. Murphy is responsible for the play. The burden of the story is, of course, the defrauder, the Colleen, the sinister usurper of her father's

estate and emoluments, and the usual soft appendages of love and moonlight courtship. Miss Emmett, who came to Broadway modestly, and by way of the East Side, had a cordial greeting from a very fine house. She portrays the character of a guide on the Killarney Lakes; and in one scene, in order to ferret out the plot by which she has been defrauded, she assumes the disguise of a boy servitor in the household of her enemy. It is in this scene that Miss



"KILLARNEY," ACT III, SCENE II.—MISS EMMETT AND FRASER COULTER.

Emmett makes the "hit" of her performance, for she is very droll in her assumption of stupidity.

"Killarney" was surely an artistic success from all points of view. The scenery was also accurately painted, and the dresses were rich and picturesque. The company was above the average in Irish play. George Boniface was a very effective usurper of the heroine's rights. Fraser Coulter was consistently disagreeable as the villain and Miss Grace Thorne was an appropriate assistant in the work of evil. Robert McNair acted the comedy rôle of the helpful Irishman capitally.

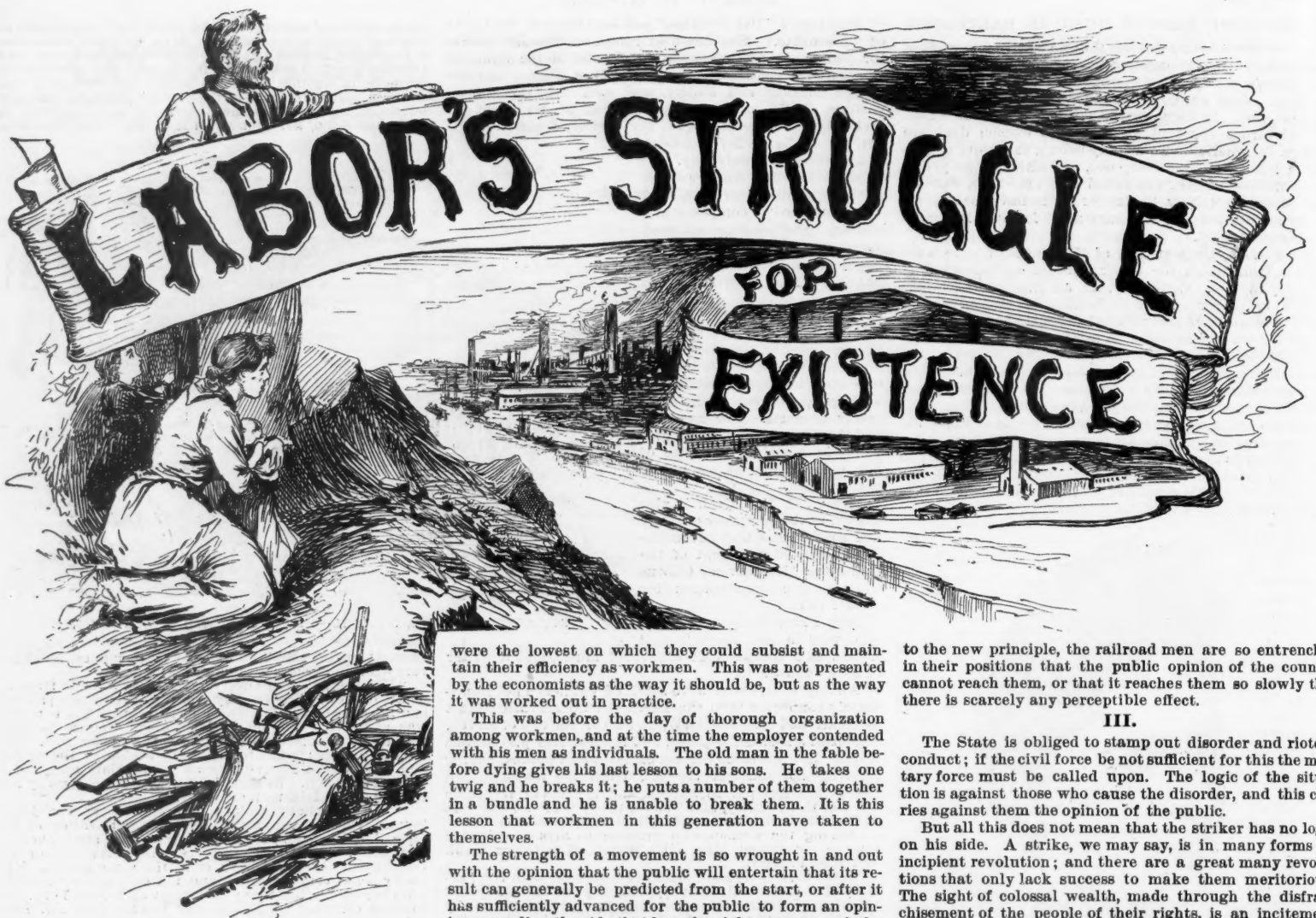
"The Kentucky Colonel," produced at the Union Square Theater, August 23d, is a dramatization of Mr. Opie Read's novel. It is filled with the atmosphere of Kentucky, and the characters which the author has caught and developed hark from the same region. Kentucky is not very far away, and not only are we familiar with her people, but many of them dwell in New York. The interest centered in Mr. McKee Rankin and Mr. Frederic Bryton, both of whom are well-schooled and experienced actors, and they easily carried the piece on their shoulders. Mr. Rankin has introduced a number of familiar but effective stage devices for adding to the dramatic value of the story, and it has a distinct suggestion of melodrama at certain points. In "The Kentucky Colonel" the romantic element of Southern life is brought out by Mr. Rankin in its lofty and chivalrous aspect, while the younger man gives a faithful picture of a lounging, devil-may-care and reckless Kentuckian of a type that is still extant. Mr. Bryton has done nothing of recent years so true as his work in this rôle.

THE "ONCE A WEEK" LIBRARY.

We take special pride in calling attention to the volume of the Library that goes out with this number. It is not only the first half of one of the most graphic and delightful stories that we have ever had the pleasure of issuing, but it is also presented in a very greatly improved dress. The paper is of superior quality and the type from which the plates are made is entirely new long primer, very attractive to the eye. The volume may appear a trifle thinner because of the very fine quality of the paper used, but it will be found to contain fully as much matter as any of the fifty-cent novels on the market printed on coarse paper. These volumes cannot be surpassed for convenience of form and quality of matter and printing. A continuous improvement will be noticed in the newspaper and the Library. This journal is now on the flood tide of success, and hopes to stay there by deserving it. Do you go with us? If so, Come on!



"THE KENTUCKY COLONEL," ACT II.—"Remember you are in the presence of a lady."



THE switchmen's strike, at Buffalo, was declared off just after midnight of August 25th. The chiefs of the Trainmen's, Conductor's and Firemen's Associations held a long conference with Grand Master Sweeney, of the Switchmen's union, but it was unfruitful of result. No arguments could induce members of the three great organizations to join the striking switchmen. Grand Master



GRAND MASTER SWEENEY.

Sweeney, therefore, decided to give up the fight. He admitted the futility of four hundred and fifteen switchmen opposed to a dozen great railroad corporations backed by ten thousand militiamen.

Adjutant-General Porter at once announced that if the strike was ended the troops would be withdrawn immediately. Colonel Clinton gave orders for the transportation of the troops within half an hour of the declaration of Grand Master Sweeney. Grand Master Sargent, of the Order of Locomotive Firemen, when informed of the termination of the strike, said: "It is not unexpected to me." I anticipate as a result the amalgamation of all the railroad labor organizations. The sentiment prevails that Sweeney's surrender means death to the Switchmen's Association.

"Just after the conference between Messrs. Sweeney, Sargent, Wilkinson and Clark had terminated," said Arbitration Commissioner Donovan, "I had a talk with Superintendent Brunn, of the Erie, and Superintendent Tennell, of the Lehigh Valley. They agreed that if the strike should be called off they would use their influence to secure the reinstatement of such men as should prove that they were guiltless of incendiarism and violence of any kind. This meant that about fifty per cent. of the switchmen who deserted the Erie and Lehigh Valley would be taken back. I at once submitted the proposition to Mr. Sweeney. He summoned the committee, and upon the terms just indicated the strike was declared off."

Thus ends the contest without settling any of the grave questions at issue.

THE STRIKERS AND THE RAILROADS.

I.

THE tendency to strikes marks the independence and strength of those who labor with their hands. The old rule of political economy, as established by the British economists, has been that the wages paid to workmen

were the lowest on which they could subsist and maintain their efficiency as workmen. This was not presented by the economists as the way it should be, but as the way it was worked out in practice.

This was before the day of thorough organization among workmen, and at the time the employer contended with his men as individuals. The old man in the fable before dying gives his last lesson to his sons. He takes one twig and he breaks it; he puts a number of them together in a bundle and he is unable to break them. It is this lesson that workmen in this generation have taken to themselves.

The strength of a movement is so wrought in and out with the opinion that the public will entertain that its result can generally be predicted from the start, or after it has sufficiently advanced for the public to form an opinion regarding the side that has the right or wrong of the question at issue. An appeal to arms, as between nations, means the setting aside of the use of reason and diplomacy. It is then the question of force that must settle the issue. A strike often develops features of violence, but it aims, at least, to stand theoretically on the principles of right. It is often hard to carry logical principles to their legitimate conclusion when passion and brute force are arrayed on one or both sides. On this ground it is that strikes so often cease to have a logical character and partake of the character of war on a small scale.

II.

A strike on the part of the employees of a railroad is one with which the public no doubt has the least patience. In such a strike it is not an issue between employers and employed, but the interests of the public are at stake as well, regarding the transportation of mails, the necessities of life and the right to travel to and from as people have need. We have scarcely recognized it in this country, but it is true that a railroad holds a position toward the public that makes it the servant of the public. Our railroads have been built up and controlled almost exclusively on the ground that they were private enterprises out of which the promoters and owners were entitled to make all that could be made, the same as ordinary businesses in which men embark.

The people begin now to see the fallacy of this position, and when a party of men, as the switchmen of Buffalo, act in a way to interfere with the orderly management of railroads, the people then realize that the switchmen are interfering with the rights of the public. The switchmen can see that the men in control of railroads have come into the exercise of that power on the theory



SIGNALING ON CAR TOP.

that they were to obtain all the advantages for themselves that could be obtained, and the strikers think it is a poor rule that does not work both ways. They do not realize that the sentiment entertained on this subject by the public has changed, and while the former are held amenable

to the new principle, the railroad men are so entrenched in their positions that the public opinion of the country cannot reach them, or that it reaches them so slowly that there is scarcely any perceptible effect.

III.

The State is obliged to stamp out disorder and riotous conduct; if the civil force be not sufficient for this the military force must be called upon. The logic of the situation is against those who cause the disorder, and this carries against them the opinion of the public.

But all this does not mean that the striker has no logic on his side. A strike, we may say, is in many forms an incipient revolution; and there are a great many revolutions that only lack success to make them meritorious. The sight of colossal wealth, made through the disfranchisement of the people of their rights, is an incitement to disorder. It is this reason, probably more than any other, that makes the United States the scene of strikes in number and of a magnitude that other countries know nothing about. The people who have put money into railroads to build them, now, as a class, do not own them.



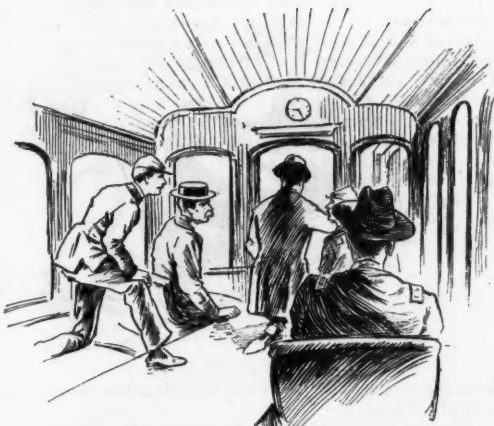
THE HOSPITAL.

The ownership has gone to the successful manipulators of the securities. The great merchants of the country—they whose wealth runs to many millions—have not arrived at their positions on the line that the ordinary citizen works on—competitive labor; but they have been raised and propped to their positions by favoring rates of transportation by the men who have absorbed the railroads. Together they constitute a class the wealthiest and most powerful the world has ever known.

All this, or most of it, at least, may have been within the forms of law; nevertheless, it is the disfranchisement of others' rights that has brought it about. One disorder gives rise to another; the men of fabulous wealth have not arrived at their positions as the result of the orderly working of principles that should govern human society, and is it a wonder that others should reach out after benefits regardless of the technicalities and the formalities of constituted law?

IV.

Are we to become a nation addicted to violence? Is that the reading on our institutions in this Columbian year of 1892? The wealth of the country in great measure must answer. It is not alone for the brawn and muscle of the country to say. The laws, as they stand, are against everything but subservient obedience, and this must be so with all laws; but they must carry with them reasonable satisfaction to those whom they govern. The logic was against the man of the South a generation ago, and yet he fought; he acknowledged, later, the logic was against him, but this was after he had been defeated. It was an expensive way to bring an erring brother around to an understanding. Conciliation and arbitration should be the touchstone of jarring discord when the stake is peace and national honor. It will not always do to press an advantage gained in a controverted issue home to its last result. The men who control the railroads of this coun-



INSIDE THE PONY.

try themselves stand in a precarious position in relation to the general sentiment of the country. Their strength has been derived from the fact that a way has not presented itself to the country to deprive them of their power, it all the time being seen that the power they held was dangerous to the country and not in accord with the spirit of popular government and institutions. More pressure from them, or an additional incentive on the part of the public, and they might be relegated to the positions of ordinary private citizens, although untold wealth will continue to be the slave of many of them and their children beyond peradventure.

There is an artifice about the railroad position that is designed to break the weight of the objectionable position of the leading railroad men. The men who stand for the properties before the public do not share in a very great degree in the extraordinary emoluments of the men behind them. They stand forth as workers, and represent the properties back of them as working for an equitable existence on the same principle that other men and other properties work for an existence. But the wonderful emoluments to the men back of them go on just the same, only their number narrows rather than enlarges, and this carries out the theory of centralization of power more and more in the hands of a few, and which is dangerous in a country whose institutions are built upon a theory of equalized rights. Let the railroad people press home too greatly this advantage they obtain over their working people, and the people at large may join with the latter and place the function of railroad administration under their own representatives, and so harmonize this extraordinarily discordant affair with other features of our institutions.

V.

The principle of association has been learned; it is the lesson of the binding together of twigs, so that the strength of one is the strength of another. Like our common education it has become a tap-root of society. It is a thing that cannot be judged of or dealt with by precedent. All the world is in the dark concerning what is to come of it. Would the railroads be so fool-hardy as to try to stamp it out among their employees? It would be colossal stupidity if they should. And yet the wealthy and protected interests, those whose material wants are taken care of, whose brains are not on the rack how to live today and this year, who have whatever civilization affords, are they who are most apt to show such stupidity. That is the lesson of the French Revolution. Life becomes to those too greatly successful a greed rather than a want; they seek that which they cannot assimilate either in body or mind; they lack the leaven of service to others which alone redeems the lives of those who are past any necessities of their own. They live not so much for the purpose of getting more for themselves as to deprive others of the opportunity of getting more; they become cormorants of society.

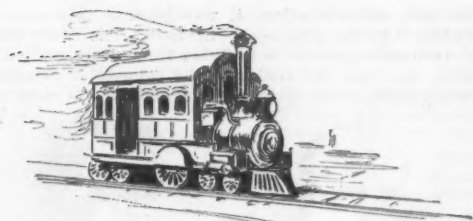
The railroad men have become too wealthy, too powerful. They lack the principle of noblesse oblige that marks the possessor of wealth passing from one generation to another. The nation, neither in its Federal nor State capacity, has wrested from them their extraordinary power, and they think maybe they are secure from this source of attack. There now rises before them a specter of organization among the men whom they employ. They would array on their side the forces of society, and they employ all the strategy of their wits to do this. There is force against them, or at least contending for privileges under them, that is comparable with their own, but it has the lack of skill and experience in leadership that pertains to a new power. It is more apt to make mistakes than the other side, and where it makes mistakes against law and order, these have to be relentlessly dealt with on principles that are as old as civilization itself; but the power goes on notwithstanding the errors of individuals identified with it, itself not knowing the point at which it is to arrive.

VI.

Like two contending forces the organized employees of the railroads and the corporations stand confronting each

other, neither party knowing exactly what it should insist upon for itself and knowing that the other party is equally in the dark. It is a situation full of danger, affecting the interests of those directly engaged and of the public that is scarcely able to follow the merits of points constantly at issue, but that requires full and excellent service to itself, and beside which, whether this side or the other shall come out best at a given time, is a matter of trivial importance.

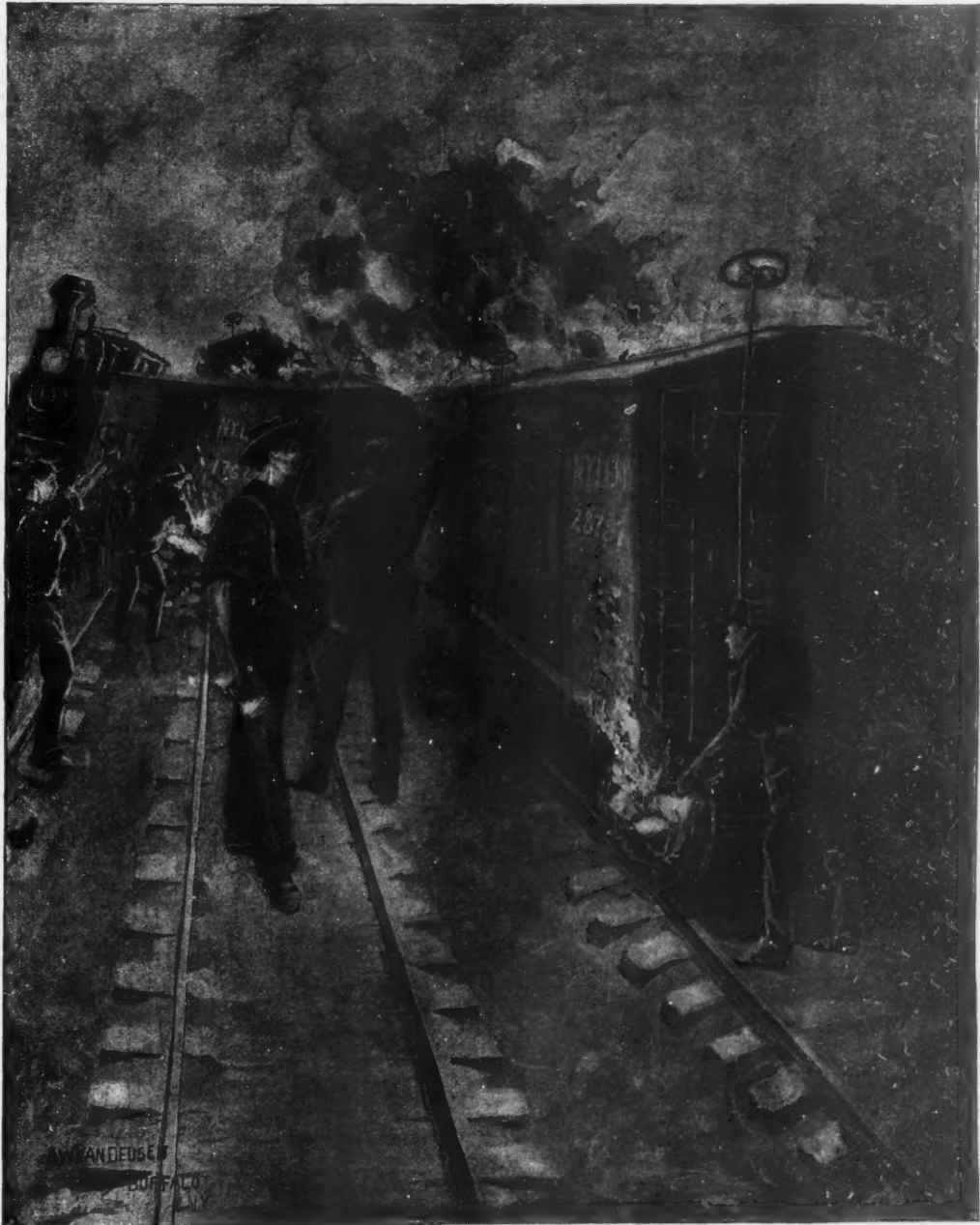
The public will have to take the reins of power, unless these hotheads playing, as it were, with the most vital of public interests, do not cease their contentions that are inimical to the public good. Courts of arbitration, mandatory laws, subordinate positions of control, time contracts for faithful service only to be abrogated through physical disability, are all on the catalogue of remedies which the public can enforce if these, its children, in the positions which they now hold, do not behave themselves. It is right, and it may be necessary to use the power of the sword, and the party that is most in the wrong at the time may suffer most of the consequences, but it implies



THIRD VICE-PRESIDENT WEBB'S OBSERVATION PONY.

to grant Buffalo switchmen the Chicago scale of wages for foremen and switchmen—a scale from two to three cents per hour more than the two companies were paying.

On the night of August 13th and on the 14th a passenger train was derailed, a string of coal cars let down a trestle incline and badly damaged, between twenty and thirty box cars were burned, and a reign of terror generally was inaugurated.



VANDALS SETTING FIRE TO THE DERAILED FREIGHT CARS.

a rottenness and a poorly organized condition of affairs that such necessity should exist.

HISTORY OF THE BUFFALO STRIKE.

At midnight, Friday, August 12th, switchmen on the Lehigh Valley and Erie Railroads at Buffalo quit work at the call of Grand Master Workman Sweeney. The grievances of the men consisted of the alleged violation of the ten-hour law by the companies and their refusal

August 15th two regiments of militia were ordered to the scene. New men to take the places of strikers began to arrive, and the strikers and their sympathizers were accused of all manner of violence.

August 16th the New York Central and West Shore switchmen struck through sympathy with the other strikers, according to the Switchmen's Union; but the



AT THE TIFFT FARM.



L.S.M.S. RR yards at Hamburg, N.Y. crossing

Central's officials allege it was because they were intimidated by the strikers and the mob. The State Board of Arbitration arrived at Buffalo; trains were stalled all along the lines involved, and the companies demanded more protection for their property and for the new men

stock companies is favored by many thoughtful men inside and outside of the labor ranks. By reference to our columns during the last month the reader will observe that ONCE A WEEK advocated such a scheme during the Homestead trouble.



E. E. WILKINSON, G. M. T. BROTHERHOOD OF RAILWAY TRAINMEN.

E. E. CLARK, GRAND CHIEF CONDUCTOR.

arriving. Vice-President Webb, of the Central, was especially vigorous and assertive on this point.

August 17th the entire National Guard of New York was called to arms by Governor Flower. Next day trains began to move and freight blockades were raised. Over

GRAND MASTER SWEENEY'S STATEMENT.

BUFFALO, August 24, 1892.

TO THE EDITOR OF "ONCE A WEEK":

The primary cause of the strike was the demand of the men that the roads recognize ten hours as constituting a day's work, and that the scale of wages be as follows:

Day Foremen, \$65; Day Helpers, \$60; Night Foremen, \$70, and Night Helpers, \$65 per month. Overtime to be paid at above rate and computed as follows: Day Foremen, 25 cents; Day Helpers, 23 cents; Night Foremen, 27 cents, and Night Helpers, 25 cents per hour. Crews working thirty minutes or over in an hour to receive one hour's extra pay; less than thirty, not to be counted. When crews commence work during the day or night they are not to be laid off for any cause other than their own acts, and they will work wherever the yardmaster may direct them in yard service; that all switchmen suspended and discharged be given a fair and impartial hearing within five days after date of suspension or dismissal before their immediate superiors, subject to appeal to higher official authority, and if they be found innocent, be reinstated at full pay.

The above scale has been paid by the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western, the Lake Shore and the Nickel Plate for some time, and the matter was laid before the

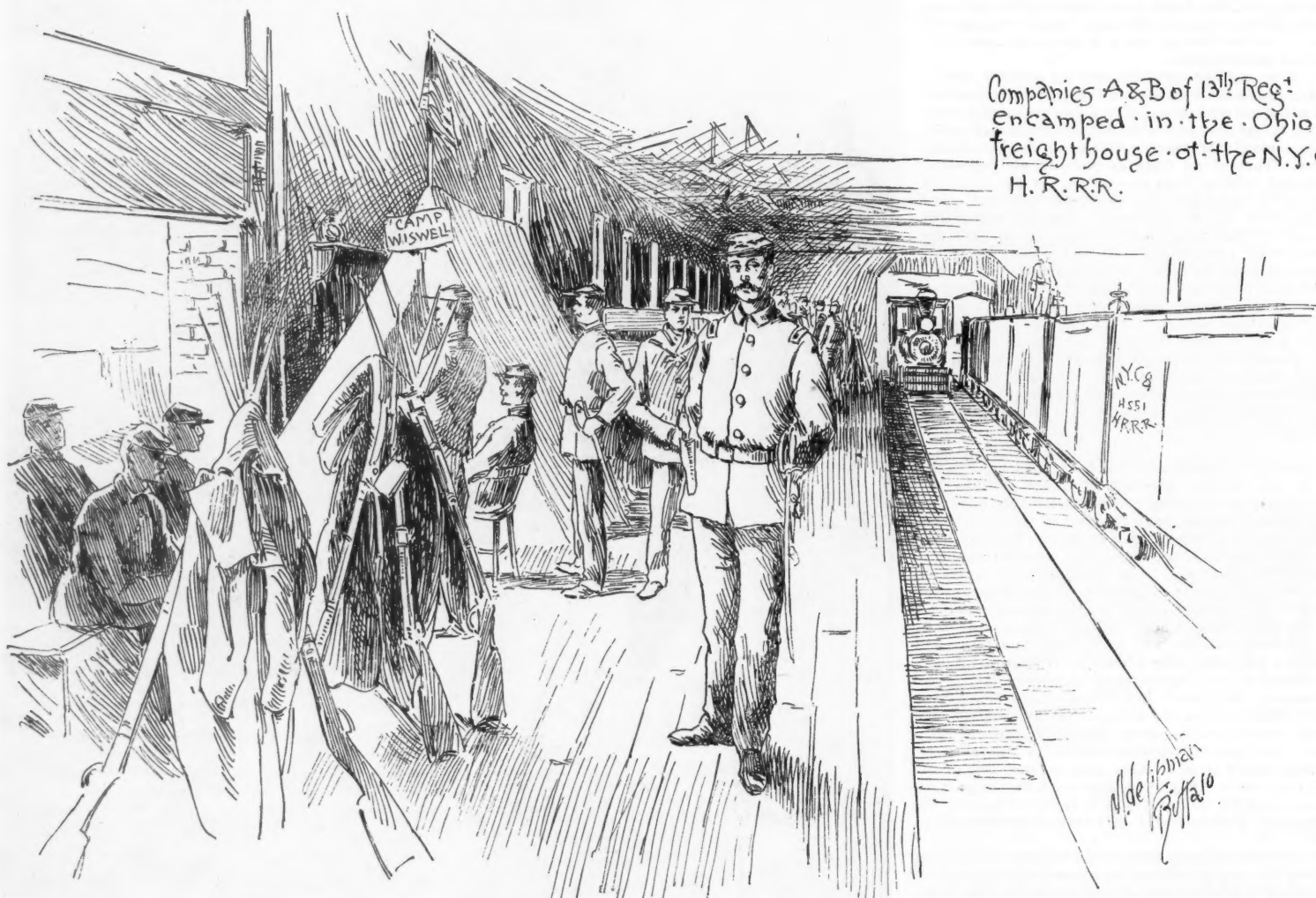


WRITING TO HIS GIRL.

force the corporations to accede to their demands by means entirely lawful.

The fact alone that such a great military force has been brought into the field is sufficient to explain the feeling of the people at large, who naturally suppose that the calling out of the militia was due to a war-like attitude on the part of the switchmen.

If the people will call to mind the unreasoning obstinacy of the railroads to accede to the men's demand, their scornful refusal to approach arbitration in any form when



Companies A & B of 13th Regt
encamped in the Ohio St.
freight house of the N.Y.C.
H.R.R.

six thousand State troops were at the scene or immediately available for service there. The representatives of the various companies refused to arbitrate the difficulty, sympathetic strikes on the Lake Shore, the Lackawanna, the Buffalo, Rochester and Pittsburg Railroads followed. Before the week was ended the New York Central had raised the blockade, and the other lines were moving their delayed freight with ease and with very little interruption. A desultory, guerrilla warfare, from between cars from dark corners, and with stones, sticks and coupling-pins was kept up by the rough element against isolated companies of the militia.

The next week opened with an evidently futile hope on the part of the striking switchmen that the other railroad organizations would strike to assist them. On the morning of August 25th the announcement was officially made that the striking switchmen gave up the contest. Over four hundred switchmen at Buffalo were left free to ask their old places back, and it was predicted that this defeat is the deathblow of the Switchmen's union.

The State Board of Arbitration will investigate the causes of the strike and the many serious charges made against the companies by Sweeney and his backers. Until that board makes its report it will not be possible to get at the facts of the dispute.

Coming so soon after the temporary defeat of organized labor at Homestead, the Buffalo strike and its apparently hopeless collapse have set many thoughtful union workmen to thinking. Expressions are heard on every side that labor organizations are not strong enough. It is proposed to unite all railroad organizations into a federation. The scheme to incorporate all labor organizations as joint

other roads by committee after committee from June 4th to August 11th. These committees failed to get any satisfactory reply, and I was finally called here to consult and advise in the matter. All efforts for peaceable settlement having failed, the strike was finally ordered at a meeting held August 12th.

It is to be regretted that the people and press in gen-

the strike had finally begun, they will see that no third course lay before the men. They were either to return to the condition they had left, or advance to a better one through a lawful road.

FRANK SWEENEY,
Grand Master Switchmen's Mutual Aid Association.

SARGENT'S STATEMENT.

BUFFALO, August 24, 1892.

TO THE EDITOR OF "ONCE A WEEK":

It is quite probable that before these observations appear in ONCE A WEEK the situation will have taken on a different aspect, destroying the use of the subjunctive mood and with it whatever importance may be attached to some of the statements made upon a hypothesis which I do not wish to have understood as representing what now exists in Buffalo. I visited Buffalo at the invitation of Grand Master Sweeney, who sent a similar request to the heads of the other orders of railroad employees. It has been represented to me here by members of the organizations and others that the grievance of the local switchmen in connection with the wage question was not the main issue involved, that what was at stake was of widest importance, a right of national consequence.

It was stated that this was a war of the railroads against the switchman's order, a deliberately planned attempt to defeat the ends of organized labor, nullify its purpose, and thereby disrupt it. Do I believe that such is the purpose of the railroad lines involved? On that point I have my opinion, but I do not care to express it at this time. The rumor has been widely circulated that the firemen were almost certain to join the striking switch-



F. P. SARGENT, GRAND MASTER BROTHERHOOD LOCOMOTIVE FIREMEN.

eral outside of Buffalo have a wrong idea of the strikers' plan of campaign. Misrepresentation has made the men outlaws in their eyes. Train-wrecking, arson and even murder have been laid at the switchmen's doors. These charges are entirely without foundation. The crimes committed by the unprincipled rabble that hovered about the scene of the strike have been rashly attributed to the strikers, who are honest, peace-loving men, and wish to

men. Rumor has associated them more closely than it has the other employees. In making the positive statement that if the firemen do quit work it will be simultaneously with the engineers and trainmen, the conductors and telegraphers, I may best define my position in these words: I hold that if it is true, as is stated, that this is an attack on the Switchmen's Association, made for the purpose of impairing and destroying its powers, a blow at its existence, and therefore at the existence of organized labor, it is certainly as important to the engineer and

the railroad properties which a single torch applied by a malicious hand might destroy, together with the consideration of the safety of thousands of passengers whose lives could be endangered by a misplaced switch, made it imperative upon the State to prevent evil-disposed persons from even approaching the tracks leading into Buffalo.

Troops to the number of nearly seven thousand were placed where detachments and sentries could patrol seventy-five miles of tracks day and night, a by no means easy task when the number of railroads leading into

to patrol duty. Perched on the top of a car you beheld two soldiers in uniforms closely resembling that of a United States cavalryman, with the exception that the saber was replaced by a short Winchester rifle which is worn, saber fashion, slung from the belt.

One of the men held a flag—red, with a white spot in the center, or vice versa—while the other intently looked up or down the track with a spyglass. The man with the glass motioned with his hand to the other, who immediately waved his flag up and down. A quarter of a mile further down the track his signal was answered by the waving of another flag, and a train slowly moved toward the first two signal service men. A sharp lookout was kept on what is going on along the track of the moving train, and at the first sign of trouble in the shape of persons suspiciously approaching the train the waving of the flag warned the engineer to bring his convoy to a full stop, and the sentries that paced the top of every other car of the train got ready to give to any unwarranted intruder a warm reception at the point of the bayonet.

Thus was the value of the signal corps demonstrated for the first time by actual field work.

In the freight depots cars were loaded and trains made up under the bayonets of the militia encamped on the platforms.

Not very cheerful or comfortable quarters were they, with their dark, damp halls in which dust filled the air at all times to such an extent that the end of the building was always seen through a thick, blue haze.

But the soldier laddie always manages to see the cheerful side of things and makes his moping comrade do likewise. If there is no cheerful side he manufactures one, and so we saw him prepare a number of signs with some black paint which was carefully deposited upon a shingle and laid upon a drum for support. When his work was done he electrified the company by fastening the signs upon the stacked arms or upon any other object strikingly incongruous with the legend.

There was more satire than solemnity in the legend, "God Bless Our Home," when conspicuously fastened to the side of a box car filled with straw, upon which fifteen or twenty militiamen sought repose at night, without finding it.

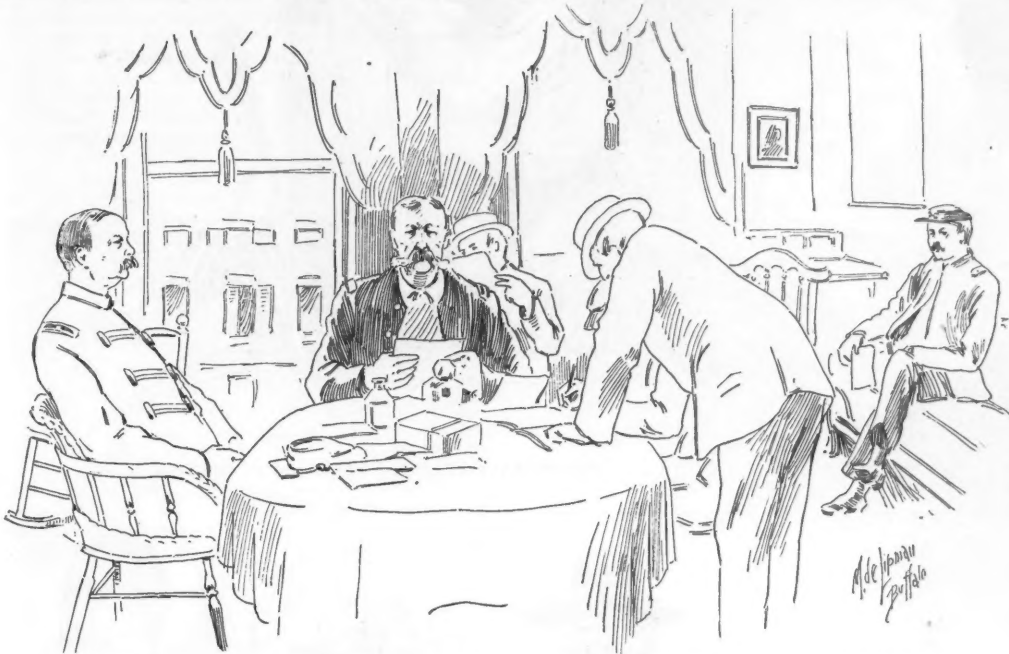
"The Lord Will Provide" was painted on the shanty occupied by a portion of the Ninth Regiment at the Ham-burgh street crossing of the Michigan Southern Road. The poor fellows had been living on bread and butter for several days, the meat furnished them having been so bad that it had to be buried as soon as it reached the company cook.

Upon the broad breast of a sleeping Irishman—a member of Company E, Twenty-second Regiment—someone wrote with chalk, "Maggie Murphy's Home," and so anything and everything gave an opportunity to the wit, humor or satire of the volunteer soldier, and thus contributed to keeping himself and his comrades in good spirits even under adverse circumstances.

In the meanwhile their superiors and the generals in command were deliberating and consulting at general headquarters, on Main street, Buffalo, opposite the Tift House.

That it was quite a task to keep track of a large number of troops that are spread over a good deal of territory was instanced on one occasion when, during the ONCE A WEEK representative's call on Third Vice-President Webb, a telephone inquiry from headquarters anxiously solicited information concerning the whereabouts of an entire company which had evidently been lost, had strayed, or—horrible thought!—had been stolen.

Vice-President Webb, always in charge of the New York Central Railroad's interests, is a quiet, shrewd-looking gentleman somewhere about forty years old, and a man of exceptional nerve and coolness, who thoroughly understands every detail of the workings of a railroad. He travels over the road in a little pony-engine, so constructed that he can get an unobstructed view of everything ahead of him. This "observation pony," as it is



Gen. Doyle.

Major Stackpole.

Acting Engineer Guthrie.

Major Weeks.

AT HEADQUARTERS.

conductor, and to all the other railroad employees, as it is to the firemen.

Should it be deemed advisable by the heads of the several orders named to direct a general strike, the situation will be one without precedent. It will mean that all the locomotive engineers, firemen, trainmen and conductors, telegraphers and switchmen on all the lines involved in this trouble will simultaneously quit work. In the railroad strikes which this country has seen this has never been done because it never was found necessary. When the United Federation of Railway Employees was in existence the Supreme Council was several times called into session to consider a proposition to order out all the branches of the service, but on every occasion the difficulties were settled before this became necessary.

The United Federation of Railway Employees having been dissolved, there is now no association which binds the different orders of employees by any rules or contract. But the relation of the orders to one another is very harmonious, there is a common bond of sympathy and that obligation for co-operation which one band of organized labor always feels for another.

The strength of the organizations in different departments of the railroad service is shown below:

Locomotive Engineers, 35,000; Locomotive Firemen, 28,000; Trainmen, 23,000; Conductors, 20,000; Telegraphers, 18,000, and Switchmen, 10,000.

A strike should not be ordered except as a last resort. Means can and will in time be devised for the settlement of labor difficulties without strikes. When railroads are obliged to submit these matters to arbitration, as they should and will be compelled to sometime, strikes will be unnecessary and impossible. The time to arbitrate and talk arbitration is before and not after the strike has taken place. At the present time, when a strike is really necessary to settle a just grievance, all the railroad organizations should strike unitedly or not at all.

There should be an understanding among the different railway organizations so that when any branch of the service has a just grievance which the employing company refuses to adjust every association will be available. Then it would be possible to exert their united influence and strikes would be fewer, but they would be effectual.

It is a grave condition that confronts the country and one that cannot be long continued. I leave it to others to suggest the measures of relief.

Were I willing, it would be useless for me now to speculate on the probable outcome of the strike and the developments which may or may not appear.

F. P. SARGENT.

BUFFALO AS A STOCKADE.

A HANDFUL of ill-advised hotheads, assisted by the lawless element which in large cities is ever ready to support any demonstration against authority, has not only brought odium upon the four hundred and fifteen switchmen who hoped to redress their wrongs, but they have also been instrumental in causing a most skillful display of military tactics on the part of the National Guard officers whose commands had been sent to protect imperiled railroad property.

There can be no doubt whatever that the damage done to railroads in the striking district, such as the derailing of trains, the unfastening of coupling-pins on made-up freight trains, etc., was solely and entirely due to the misguided zeal of a few—a very few—from among the aggrieved switchmen; yet the enormous value of certain of

the city and the extent of their switch-yards is considered.

The effect to the eye was very striking.

The first glimpse of military occupation of the yards, which the writer obtained from the window of a Lackawanna train on his way to Buffalo for ONCE A WEEK, was Camp Lehigh, which is six miles from the city, and probably the most important point as regards property interests—for in the yards of the Lehigh Valley Railroad, which are situated close by, there were hundreds of freight cars filled with valuable merchandise, which had been "tied up" on account of the strike.

Six rows of white tent-fles with the larger headquarters' tent in the background, the sentinels pacing along the track, relief detachments marching from one outpost to another, equestrians riding at a high speed to and from the general headquarters in the city, gave to the scene a thoroughly martial aspect.

The Stars and Stripes floating from the tent of the commanding officer proclaimed to the striker that it was the arm of the government that stood between him and his corporate enemy, and the soldier it warned that he was but an infinitesimal cogwheel in the strong machinery of the State, the actions of which must be governed, not by his own ideas and convictions, but by the forces which control the machinery in its entirety.

A little nearer to the city the tracks of the Erie Railroad were crossed on a long iron bridge, patrolled by sentries who carefully scanned the platforms of trains for suspicious characters who might have jumped aboard bent on mischief.



YARDS JUST OUTSIDE UNION DEPOT.

Beginning there not a yard of track was left unprotected. At every switchman's shanty a detachment numbering from ten to twenty-five soldiers was stationed, and at important crossings entire companies were quartered in freight houses and shops.

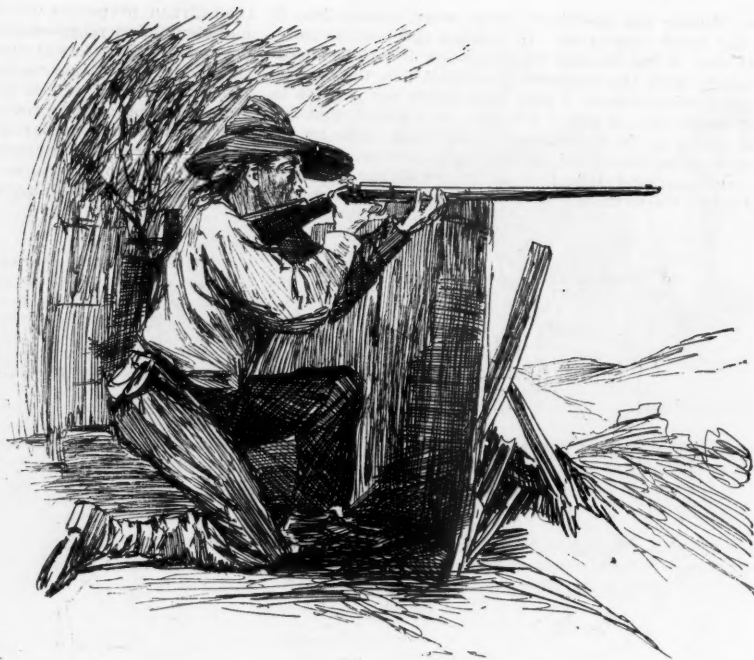
However, the duties of the military were not confined

called, has been of inestimable value to the military officers in the review of the execution of their orders.

It was the special privilege of the ONCE A WEEK representative to accompany General Oliver and staff on one of these tours of inspection to Black Rock and to East Buffalo, the two most important strategic points, and thus



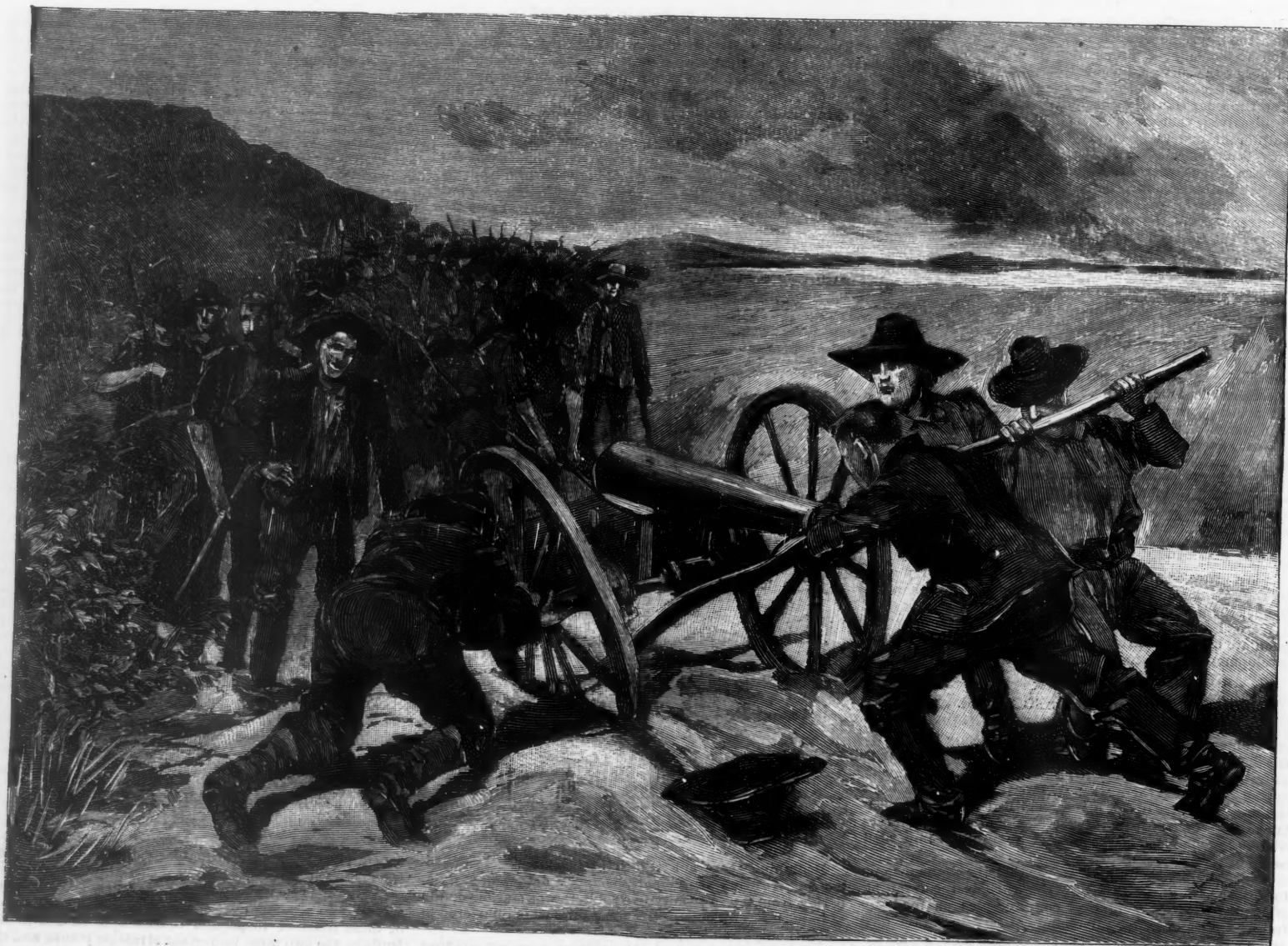
THIRD VICE-PRESIDENT H. WALTER WEBB.



SHARPSHOOTER PICKING OFF SOLDIERS AT THE FORT.



GOV. BUCHANAN, OF TENNESSEE.



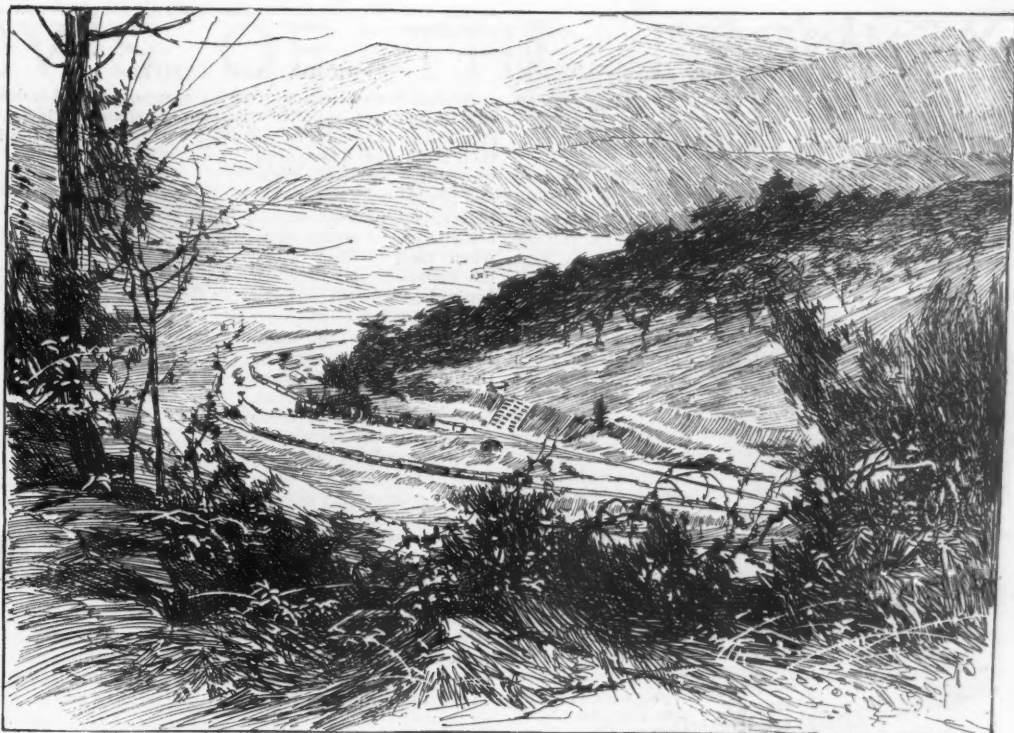
THE MINERS DRAGGING CANNON THROUGH THE MUD TO ATTACK THE STOCKADE.

to observe the thoroughness with which the work of guarding the railroad interests was accomplished. Yet at no point during the entire trip was a striker to be seen, conclusively proving that it is not the intention of the major part of them to accomplish their ends by lawless means.

M. DE L.

REVOLT AGAINST CONVICT LABOR.

THE honest miners of the Cumberland Mountains, in Tennessee, made a fight for manhood when they resented the intrusion of convict labor. Their grievances were at the outset serious enough to warrant moderate opposition. The miners of Coal Creek Valley and the adjacent district found themselves suddenly brought face to face with the problem of convict labor, which threatened not only to reduce their already sparse wages, but to many meant enforced idleness and starvation. The trouble began several months ago when the first batch of convicts rented out by the State made their appearance in the valley. How the free miners arose as one man and shipped the newcomers back to Knoxville is already ancient history. Two or three weeks ago the mining contractors renewed their efforts to force convict labor on the region and then the opposition of the miners assumed a more menacing aspect. They organized themselves into



COAL CREEK VALLEY.



COL. WOOLFORD'S COMMAND UNDER FIRE.

an armed force and commenced active hostilities against the company and its officers, and subsequently, also, against the sheriff's men.

On the afternoon of August 13th a large body of miners broke into the Tracey City branch prison, released the convicts and burned the stockades. They followed up this success soon after by attacking and capturing the Inman stockade, left practically unprotected by the sheriff of Marion County. The fight here was a bloody one, the miners being at first repulsed. A force of militia had been dispatched from Chattanooga to reinforce the garrison of the stockade, but were intercepted en route, and learning of this the convict guards finally surrendered.

News of insurrection in the meanwhile had stirred up the law-abiding citizens of the State to fever pitch, and even those who at the start had sympathized with the miners' demands now loudly called for energetic interference on the part of the State authorities. Governor John P. Buchanan appears at this juncture to have shown some



TYPES OF MINERS.

hesitation in complying with the popular clamor. He declared the contract between the State and the mining company to be annulled by reason of the latter's inability to

carry out its part of the agreement, but showed little disposition to coerce the miners into respecting the property rights of the contractors. It was not until intelligence of the surrender of the Inman stockade reached Memphis that the governor could be goaded into energetic action.

The campaign which followed was short but decisive. General Kellar Anderson, with a small body of militia entrenched in a stockade at Coal Creek, was the main object of attack on the part of the miners. For many hours the little band held out bravely, picking off their assailants one by one with alarming frequency. At last the latter bethought themselves of a ruse, not a *ruse de guerre*, for theirs was an act of rank treachery. Under cover of a flag of truce they requested the fort commander to come down into the town and make a speech to the strikers, assuring him that he could do much to mollify their exasperation and promising him a safe return. An ex-Confederate soldier with a splendid war record, Anderson had



A MINER'S FAMILY.

no suspicion of treachery, and boldly ventured out to comply with the request. Once in the power of the strikers he soon discovered the truth. Their leader, "Bud" Lindsay, a desperado of many years standing, albeit a United States marshal, suddenly held a revolver to the devoted man's head and threatened him with instant death unless he signaled his men to surrender the fort.

"Shoot if you dare, you cowards!" was the brave soldier's reply; and seeing that the crowd were making dispositions to carry out their leader's threat, he added: "Only mark the spot where you bury me, so my little daughter can place a flower there."

Anderson's unflinching front disconcerted the crowd and they decided to spare him, more from motives of policy than humaner ones, it may be surmised. It was lucky for them that they adopted this course, for at that very moment two divisions of militia and volunteers were on the march to relieve the stockade and avenge any atrocity committed by the miners. The plans of the military were as follows: General Carnes, commander-in-chief, with his Knoxville force of eight hundred bayonets, was to make a detour to the right of the railroad in order to bring him out on the ridge commanding Coal Creek, while Major Carpenter, with a body of volunteers and some Chattanooga militia under Colonel Woolford, was

(Continued on page 11.)



"I WILL NEVER SURRENDER," SAID THE GENERAL.



MODES OF THE MOMENT.

It is still the transition period between late Summer and early Autumn fashions. Authorities are yet keeping back all important announcements and only a glimmer of light is permitted to those who are seeking for coming styles. Many women are employing the last fleeting days of the season in buying dainty remnants of cotton goods



A REMNANT GOWN.

and making them up into costumes ready for next Spring's wear. Such a gown—a remnant gown, as its owner calls it—is shown in the accompanying illustration. A remnant of cream-tinted crepon striped with alternate pink and pale heliotrope lines, caught the artistic eye of a careful shopper. She bought it and fashioned it into this charming frock. Of course the necessary touch of black which Fashion demands shall be introduced in all smart gowns had to be forthcoming. Black satin ribbon therefore bordered the slightly trained skirt

and bound the slender waist thrice. Another remnant—this time of Irish guipure—set in a deep frill across the bodice and headed by narrower ribbon completed the details of an inexpensive but thoroughly artistic gown.

The new Autumn coats show full box-plaited skirts, coming nearly to the knee. An extremely novel Parisian coat is shown in the illustration. It is of forest-green vicuña, cut smartly away in front and the Directoire lapels are smartened with an enormous jabot of cream lace. These jabots will be seen on many Autumn coats. The Directoire cut will be seen in many Fall costumes. It is singularly becoming to slender women, and possessing as it does a certain amount of smartness, it will not easily pass into oblivion. The Directoire gown, shown herewith, is of the new dark-red shade called "Chicago." The skirt is cut slightly trained and bell-shaped, which, all prophets to the contrary notwithstanding, promises to hold its own in feminine favor this Fall. The bodice is round and is finished with a broad sash of black silk. The enormous lapels are faced with silk and a fluffy black lace cravat is worn. The hat is of dark-red lace straw, trimmed with black velvet and nodding black plumes. One almost needs a Tosca stick and lorgnette to complete this extremely French costume, which has the effect of having stepped from the days of the Directory.

In evening gowns the very prettiest of many pretty ones shown the writer recently at a large importing house was of old-rose voile striped with absinthe-green. It was gracefully festooned round the edge with point de Venice and caught up with rosettes of pale-green faille. The bodice and "baby" sleeves were of pale-green faille, lavishly draped in point de Venice.

AUTUMN DRESS MATERIALS.

The new wool goods are light in weight, but both soft and warm. Cheviots shot with Oriental-hued bourette figures are noticeable. Other cheviots striped with silk in



EVENING GOWN.

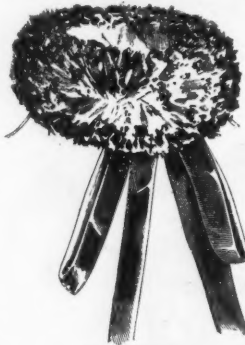
a crocodile pattern will be a feature this Fall. There are figured goods on a ribbed surface, many of which are strewn with crescents, dice, dots and lozenges of darker shade. There is a fancy for mixed silk and wool goods. Many rough woollens are lined with silk; others are shot with silk and others have dots of silk as large as dimes. The leading colors appear to be green in reseda shades, gray, brown and blue in neutral tints. There is a new red of deep color, shading from cardinal to brown. It is named "Chicago." Bronze and sage greens will be popular. In fact, green will be the leading color of the Winter. An effort is being made to introduce purple, that royal hue of which our Canadian cousins are so fond, but it is doubtful whether it will prove a success. All black will be greatly in favor this season. For children's frocks bengalines with gay silk stripes are shown. Stripes,

checks and gorgeous tartan plaids are all sought for early Autumn gowns.

FICHUS AND JABOTS.

If you have a limited dress allowance, you find it difficult to keep well supplied with dainty ornaments in lace, silk, muslin and chiffon, the chief beauty of which lies in their freshness. These neck furnishings are expensive and perishable. Because of their expense one is tempted sometimes to wear them when their pristine glory has departed and they are beginning to look a trifle soiled. Do not allow yourself to fall into that trick. Better a fresh linen collar than a soiled bit of gauze or chiffon about your throat. Fortunately most of these trifles are quite easily made at home and require very little material; all, then, that is wanted are skillful fingers and ideas. The main use of these dainty accessories is to smarten half-worn gowns so that the eye will dwell on the pretty cravat or jabot rather than on the shabby and faded frock. All sorts of odds and ends of material may be utilized these days for this purpose; chiffon, gauze, crape, silk, muslin, soft silk and lace come in play, and the materials employed may be either plain or figured. Laces used for edging are as a rule light and delicate, but guipure lace may be used with good effect.

The Marie Antoinette fichus are in vogue once more, and no other neck ornament is so becoming to the woman with a soft, full throat. They may be made of silk mull with a plain hemstitched edge; crape, tucked and edged with filmy lace, or of chiffon finished with deep frills. The jabot shown in the illustration is a favorite style. It is made of a yard and a half of embroidered crepon frilling about five inches wide. The two headings are put together and the material is gathered up through the center, the lower part being shaped to a point with two short mitered ends falling below it. A very narrow plaiting of plain crepon in a lighter color is sewn on under the scallop-edge of the flouncing, and the point, which is at the waist, is drawn in with a ribbon bow.



COLLALETTE.

This is pretty in dark-green, blue, or black crepon, embroidered with straw-color with ribbon to match. The collarette shown is made of white or colored silk muslin tipped with little tufts of black ostrich feather; the ruche, which is very full, and for which three or four yards of the frilling are required, is mounted on a ribbon band, and is tied in front with strings of black velvet ribbon. A novel jabot may be made of black net studded with sequins in flame, green, purple and gold. The band is of black silk covered with the spangled net, and the jabot is arranged flounce fashion, being much shorter on the shoulders than across the bust. This is particularly effective on a black gown.

A smart finish to a frock is a plastron of almost any kind of ribbon on a white or black Brussels net foundation, cut like a yoke with a point reaching to the waist. On this the graduated lengths of ribbon are tacked, each length being plaited a little at the top and folded to form a point at the end; the center band of ribbon is pinned down to the waist and ornamented with loops and ends of ribbon. The collar consists of two bands of ribbon, either in a narrower width, or folded if too wide, leaving a band of net between and fastened at the back of the neck with a bow. Nine yards of ribbon are required for this plastron.

DAINTY LINGERIE.

WOMAN'S natural affection for the white petticoat is returning. Shopkeepers say that the demand for cambric petticoats trimmed with lace and finest embroidery is once again heard. Shot silk petticoats with pinked ruffles hold their own for dark walking costumes, but the dainty, fluffy, womanly combination of lace, frills and sheerest lawn, which has been so long banished from my lady's kingdom, is coming back. Of course, no well-dressed woman will think of wearing a stiffly starched petticoat. The chemise, too, which has long been out of favor, is again worn, made of thin India linen, China silk or cambric; with its square or V neck



JABOT.

decorated with lace frillings and daintiest of baby ribbons, it is a very love of a garment and has quite superseded the corset-cover and short under-petticoat. Night-gowns are quite as elaborate as tea gowns. Indeed, it is difficult to distinguish between them in most cases. They are made of linen lawn, dimity, silk and nainsook. They have yokes and frills and jabots, and even flounces of lace. The masculine girl glories in smart little night-shirts stitched like a man's, and with a little pocket for the handkerchief, but these ultra-mannish effects do not please the feminine woman who revels in pretty furbelows and is satisfied only with frills.

A HOSPITAL FOR OLD GOWNS.

A WITTY woman announced not long since that she was about to open a hospital for old gowns. In other words, all the tumbled and passé Summer frocks were to be turned into tea gowns and other house frocks for the Winter, instead of being hid away until next Spring to vex and affright the soul of the owner, who, looking at them contemptuously, would wonder if she ever wore such things. Almost any gown can, with a little smartening and furbishing, be turned into a tea gown—that garment, which, like the poor, is always with us, and so becoming and comfortable that we are wearing them everywhere. Indeed, it is rumored from London that the elaborate tea gown is finding its way into theater boxes and at informal dinners. Now what are you going to do with your bronze silk gown which has done such good service for two years? It is a princess shape, and is plain to a degree of ugliness. You hate it. You think of poor relations and the ragman when you look at it. Let me tell you that from it you can evolve a tea gown which will delight the eyes of an artist. Buy a few yards of turquoise crepe de Chine and a few more of gold passamenterie studded with mock turquoises. Cut a big V out of the upper part of the silk sleeves and insert a huge accordion-plaited puff of the crape. Put a strip of the passamenterie on the lower part of the sleeve, running from wrist to elbow. Make a Bernhardt girdle of the passamenterie, allowing the ends to fall to the bottom of the skirt. Sew from each shoulder to the bust strips of the embroidery. From the points, let fall to the bottom of the skirt accordion-plaited, stole-like ends of the crepe de Chine. Treat the back in the same fashion; put a crape frill about the neck and a jabot down the front of the bodice, and you will have a dainty, smart and transmagnified house gown which will fill your soul with joy. Or, if you have a hopeless old black silk, treat it in the same way with apple-green crape. Apropos of tea gowns, most charming ones will be made from velveteen this Winter. A beauty was shown the writer not long since. It was of a golden tan shade, its open front being filled with accordion-plaited, mushroom-pink silk. There was some beaver trimming introduced—bands about the skirt and wrists—and there was an enormous bow of pink and bronze ribbon on the bodice. Altogether, it was a smart affair. The beaver, by the way, was an old muff and cape cut up in bands of trimming. Odds and ends of fur may be utilized for both tea and evening gowns.

One of the prettiest ball dresses at Saratoga this Summer was a blue crape trimmed with bands of ermine which had once decorated an opera cloak.

HER BATHING SUIT.

HER stockings red I fondly scanned,
A scarlet kerchief graced her head;
How light they tripped along the sand,
Her stockings red!
Her saucy smile my passion fed,
Her eyes were blue, her cheek was tanned,
I can't recall the words I said:
I know I kissed the soft brown hand.
Alas! she did not care to wed.
I meet no more, by sea or land,
Her stockings red!

S. ST. G. LAURENCE.



THE DIRECTOIRE GOWN.

Oily Sallow Skin After using your Complexion Brush for six weeks I have surprised myself and my friends with a healthy complexion.

Wrinkles A lady sixty years old has succeeded in removing the wrinkles from her neck, and many other ladies have caused them to disappear from their faces by using our Complexion Brush regularly.

Development A handsome neck is one of the principal points of beauty in woman. A lady tells us of a friend who has developed a thin, spare neck to one of roundness and beauty by the regular use of our Complexion Brush.

For Bathing It will be found a luxury by both old and young. THE FLAT-ENDED TEETH by their compact arrangement remove the dead cuticle and increase the circulation wonderfully.

The above is what Ladies tell us Bailey's Rubber

COMPLEXION BRUSH

has done for them and it will do as much for you.

The brush is all one piece, and as soft as silk. Mailed upon receipt of price, 50 cents. For sale by all dealers in Toilet Goods. Catalogue mailed Free.

C. J. BAILEY & CO., 22 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

THE NEWS OF THE DAY.

[Five days are required to print ONCE A WEEK, and this page is changed every morning.]

LET M'LEOD "STRIKE" NOW.

In the matter of the Reading coal deal, which was formed early last Spring to force all railways in the coal-carrying trade into a combination to raise the price, Chancellor McGill has renewed the preliminary injunction, obtained by the attorney-general last Spring, forbidding the trust to operate under the laws of New Jersey.

The reasoning of the chancellor's opinion is as follows: A corporation created by statute possesses no rights and can exercise no powers which are not properly given or to be necessarily implied from the terms of its charter. Such a corporation cannot lease or dispose of any franchise needful in the performance of its obligations to the State without legislative consent.

Equity looks at the substance and will disregard names and penetrate disguises of form to discover and deal with it.

Where a corporate excess of power tends to the public injury or to defeat the public policy it may be restrained in equity at the suit of the attorney-general.

A railroad corporation of this State leased its franchises and roads to a railway corporation of another State; the lease was not duly authorized, but was expressly forbidden by law; its effect was to combine coal producers and carriers, and to partially destroy competition in the production and sale of anthracite coal, a staple commodity of the State—held to be a corporate excess of power which tends to monopoly and the public injury.

The object of the information is to have a certain indenture of lease between the Central and Port Reading Railroad, and also a tripartite agreement between the Central, Port Reading and Philadelphia, and Reading Railroads, decreed to be ultra vires and therefore void, and also void upon the ground of public policy, in that it tends to create a monopoly of the anthracite coal trade in the State by stifling competition between the contracting corporations, and thereby to increase the price of anthracite coal to the inhabitants of the State. To effectually destroy the effects of such lease and agreement and mandatory decree, it is sought to enjoin the Reading to surrender and to return to the Central its corporate franchise and property; and a restrictive decree which shall perpetually restrain the Port Reading from hereafter controlling and intermeddling with such franchise and property, and the three companies from all future combinations which will arbitrarily increase or tend to increase the price of coal to the people.

"This lease," says the chancellor, "cannot be sustained if clear legislative sanction for it is not found." It is claimed that such sanction is had in the amendment to the railroad law of 1880. It was contended during the argument that this act was unconstitutional because of a defective title, but the chancellor holds that it is free from constitutional infirmity in its title, and is sufficiently broad in its terms. When, therefore, it appears that such a corporation, un mindful of its plain duties, acts prejudicially to the public in order to make undue gains and profits for the stockholders, it uses its power in a manner not contemplated by the law which confers them.

The chancellor then takes up the law of 1885, which prohibits the leasing of domestic corporations without legislative sanction, and holds that that act is constitutional. It follows, he says, that the lease was therefore made not only without legal sanction, but in defiance of an expressly prohibitory statute.

He then takes up the question whether the attorney-general may invoke the power of this court to restrain further operations under the lease. It is well settled, he says, that where a corporate excess of power tends to the public injury or to defeat public policy it may be restrained in equity at his suit.

He holds that the attorney-general has the election in a case of this kind to proceed at law to forfeit the charter, or in equity for a restraint of excess. There are peculiar features in the transactions now considered, he says, only one competitor is silenced. It is only the second step in the direction of monopoly, the first being the lease of the Lehigh Valley Railroad.

When the ultra vires act tends or is of a nature to produce a public injury the attorney-general is not required to wait until all the monopoly possible is created or until all the injury possible is in process of infliction. But the answers deny that either the Philadelphia and Reading or the Central Railroads own any coal lands or produce a deal in coal.

This is true, he says, but at the same time it is admitted that the Reading Road owns a majority of the capital stock of the Reading Coal and Iron Company, and that the Central Company owns the majority of the capital stock of the Lehigh and Wilkesbarre Coal Company. What is this but disguise and evasion? "Whatever may be the nominal ownership or the legal title for the substantial purposes of the injury apprehended and the attorney-general's complaint, the railroad companies stand as owners of the coal land in this court," says plucky Chancellor McGill.

Speaking of the coal dealers' attitude, he says: "Here, then, we have great coal dealers, complaining that they are not sufficiently paid for the produce of their mines,

combining so that already they control more than one-half of the coal fields upon which this State depends for fuel, and look to the co-operation of the remaining anthracite coal producers to affect a change in the price of their output, so that they may have more satisfactory returns from their investments."

To say that these conditions do not tend to a disastrous monopoly in coal would be an insult to intelligence. It is possible that such a monopoly may be used as the defendants suggest to introduce economies and cheapen



GENERAL MANUEL DEODORA DA FONSECA.

coal, but it does violence to our knowledge of human nature to expect such a result.

In conclusion, the chancellor said the commodities in which these companies deal is a necessary of life in the State of New Jersey. If once a complete monopoly be established by combination, whether that be through lease or by co-operation, the promoters of it and shareholders in it may have whatever price their cupidity suggests.

The disaster which will follow, he says, cannot be measured. It will permeate the entire community, furnaces, forges, factories and homes, leaving in its trail murmurs of discontent with a government which will tolerate it and all the other evil effects of its operation. "My conclusion upon the point stated," he says, "precludes the necessity of my passing upon many other matters which were discussed at the argument."

He then grants an injunction, the bounds of which are defined as follows: "I will therefore continue the present injunction to final hearing, adding to it, however, the further direction that the defendants and their officers and agents do desist and refrain from further performing and carrying into effect the lease and tripartite agreement, and that the Port Reading Railroad Company and the Philadelphia and Reading Company do desist and refrain from continuing to control the road property and franchises of the Central, and from further in anywise intermeddling therewith, and that the Central Railroad do desist and refrain from permitting the Port Reading Railroad or the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad to use or operate its road, property and franchises, and that the Central Railroad Company do again resume control of all its property franchises and the performance of all its corporate duties."

DEATH OF EX-PRESIDENT FONSECA.

General Manuel Deodora da Fonseca, first president of Brazil, died August 23d. He was born in 1827, in the province of Alagoas, was graduated from a military school and entered the army in 1845. The general saw his first service as a second lieutenant of artillery and took an active part in the civil wars of Parahyba and Pernambuco, in 1849. Before participating in the siege of Montevideo he had been brevetted a major. Fonseca distinguished himself in the Paraguay campaign, in which he was wounded. He rose rapidly and received the title of field marshal. Heading the revolution against Emperor Dom Pedro in 1889, he succeeded, and was made chief of the provisional government. On account of the wild era of speculation which began in 1890 the national credit was threatened, and Fonseca found himself at conflict with the chambers. He dissolved Congress in November, 1891, and martial law was proclaimed. Several States thereupon rebelled and demanded Fonseca's resignation, and it finally became a choice between that and a civil war. The general, a sick man at the time, retired from public life.

"You would not think," he exclaimed, pointing to a miserable wreck who was leaning up against the bar of the café, "that that man was once the most famous editor in the country."

"I would not, indeed," replied Hobson.

"Then you would be right. He never was."

A DROWNING man will grasp at a straw. So will a thirsty one.

LABOR'S STRUGGLE FOR EXISTENCE.

(Continued from page 9.)

to make a forced march over Walden Ridge, and curving to the right, get into Fort Anderson from the rear.

Major Carpenter's task was the most difficult one, especially as it was to be performed during the nighttime. He started on August 17th, with his hundred men from Offutt, five miles north of Coal Creek, just as the sun went down. Their path lay through a broken and densely wooded country most favorable for guerrilla warfare, a fact that became painfully apparent to the command, when toward daybreak and almost within hailing distance of the fort, they were received by a volley from a force of unseen antagonists. The first fire brought down two of the Knoxville volunteers, John Walthall and Bush Given, and for the next hour bullets rained incessantly on the devoted band. Outnumbered, wearied by the long march, weak with hunger and drenched by the downpour accompanying a thunderstorm, the men began to show signs of succumbing when their commander ordered a retreat which was executed in excellent order though under a continuous fire from the enemy.

General Carnes with the main body experienced better luck. His march did not commence until daybreak of the 18th, and it was performed throughout in a regular military fashion with a skirmish line in front. By ten o'clock he had captured the railroad station at Coal Creek, and then made preparations to storm the heights and relieve Fort Anderson. He left a guard of eighteen men at the depot, and it was not long before the enemy had swooped down on them and taken them prisoners. Meanwhile the approach of so formidable a military force began to exercise its effect on the spirits of Fort Anderson's besiegers. They had had a foretaste of the Tennessee militiamen's grit and determination in the early morning fight, and when Carnes sent in a summons for them to surrender their prisoner, General Anderson, they showed a willingness to enter into negotiations. The upshot of the whole affair was, that not only did Carnes succeed in securing the release of Fort Anderson's brave commander, but before nightfall he had captured two hundred of the most desperate insurgents, including "Bud" Lindsay himself.

Thus by sheer pluck and a display of iron will and energy, did a few hundred raw militiamen and a handful of citizen volunteers subdue eight thousand well-armed insurgents, operating in a wild and rugged country known only to themselves. Fighting in a righteous cause, and backed by the sympathy of their fellow citizens, these men might have successfully defied an army ten times their number. Instead of which, feeling themselves to be law-breakers and outlaws, their nerve forsook them the moment the State Government took measures to uphold its dignity. The casualties during this brief campaign were entirely disproportioned to the time of its duration and the number of combatants on both sides. The militia and volunteers lost about half a dozen of their men, dead, with probably two dozen wounded; the miners not less than a hundred dead and wounded. It is painful to record that after such commendatory conduct in suppressing sedition, the defenders of the law should have rendered themselves guilty of the crime of inflicting torture on one of the insurgent leaders, Bud Lindsay, the object being to extract information as to the origin of the rebellion. But for this exception, the bearing of the State troops was admirable throughout and deserving of the highest praise. In conclusion, it may be satisfactory to note that with all its horrors, this "Cumberland campaign" definitely seals the fate of convict labor in the South, and for so much the American citizen must certainly feel grateful.

GOMPERS ON THE RESULT.

Samuel Gompers, president of the Federation of Labor, says in relation to the trouble in Tennessee:—"In my opinion that strike will deal the deathblow of the convict lease system, just as the Homestead strike dealt the deathblow to Pinkertonism. I am heartily in sympathy with the miners. I have seen the men shot down there like dogs. The strike at Buffalo I am not so familiar with, though I have just come through there and stopped off a day. I am very much afraid that the strike will spread all over the country. It is now the calm before the storm. No one can tell exactly what may happen, but I am afraid the storm cloud will burst over Chicago and the entire West in a few days. The firemen must co-operate with the switchmen, and also the Brotherhood of Trainmen if necessary. If they do, then the railroads will have to give in."

THOUGHTS FOR THE WEEK.

September 4—Sunday—"All the paths of the Lord are mercy and truth unto such as keep His covenant and His testimonies."—Ps. xxv. 10.

September 5—Monday—"Give me a look, give me a face That makes simplicity a grace."—Ben Jonson.

September 6—Tuesday—"Work is not man's punishment, it is his reward and his strength, his glory and his pleasure."—George Sand.

September 7—Wednesday—"Guard well thy thoughts; our thoughts are heard in heaven."—Young.

September 8—Thursday—"Like breeds like, they say Kind nature is the best: those manners next That fit us like a nature second-hand; Which are indeed the manners of the great."—Tennyson.

September 9—Friday—"Sweet were the sauce would please each kind of taste; The life likewise were pure that never swerved."—Sir Walter Raleigh.

September 10—Saturday—"Glories, like glow-worms, afar off shine bright, But looked to near, have neither heat nor light."—John Webster.

THE OTHER LABOUCHERE.

AFTER Gladstone, the most prominent figure in British politics to-day is Henry Labouchere, the Radical.

The present Labouchere—namesake and nephew of that Henry Labouchere, created Lord Taunton, who was a cabinet minister in the days of Russell and Palmerston—is a tri-fold personage. The political world knows him as Radical member of Parliament; the journalistic world recognizes him as one of its famous representatives and as ex-editor of the *London World*; as a resuscitating proprietor of the *London Daily News* and the conductor of *Truth*; but be it the province of *ONCE A WEEK* to now regard him in his private and larger relations. The picture best represents Mr. Labouchere, in his latter phase, as a happy father. It gives him his domestic and home look whenever he is host or guest; or companionable husband to the wife who is mother of the daughter on his knee—she inheriting all Mrs. Henrietta Labouchere's matronly beauty and graces. The coincidences of parental names—Henry, masculine, and Henrietta its feminine—is notable. But the little one of the picture, grown since it was taken as a photo to be now a miss of seven years, is named Dora.

Henry Labouchere has been criticised as a pessimist, a cynic, a dangerous agitator, an unfeeling wit, a masked hypocrite and a democrat dangerous to queen, church, State and aristocratic institutions. It has been my delight to make full acquaintance with Henry Labouchere's sincerity, geniality, tenderness and patriotism as a thorough Englishman, and as a profound student and lover of British institutions in their true constitutional sense and when interpreted by the spirit of the age in which they flourish; and also to discover that whatsoever this other Labouchere likes or dislikes is attended by hearty and intelligent sincerity, and is tinged with influences made immortal in speech by Abraham Lincoln—"Charity toward all and malice toward none."

What enemies have misnamed maliciousness is rather, in any strong sense of denotation, mischievousness.

Very much of the independence, the unconventionality, the boldness and the humor that is exhibited by Mr. Labouchere I attribute to the experience of his American residence at Washington during the times of Franklin Pierce, when, as plain Commoner Henry Labouchere, he was an attaché of the British legation. Thence came also, undoubtedly, his sympathies with democracy in the true sense of that word, and his knowledge of American affairs. He was intended by guardians to live the life and to pursue the profession of diplomacy; but events turned him to literature, combative politics and a balancing of the luck of Midas in the financial world.

The sincerity of his views respecting the shams of glittering lordly life is best proven by knowledge of the "open secret" that at several times he could have had restored in himself the baronetcy of Taunton that lapsed when his namesake uncle died without heirs to that peerage. Indeed the offer has just been renewed.

While a hater of aristocratic shams and of the pinch-



ADDRESSING THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

beck of social life, that Henry Labouchere inherits and develops the true taste that appertains to aristocratic and luxurious life is unobtrusively shown in his domestic life and its surroundings at his St. James Park town mansion and at his rural retreat in Pope's Villa at Twickenham-on-Thames; and in his cozy and artistic—not to

add *Truth*—editorial chambers in Carteret street, Westminster, within pistol-shot of the abbey and of St. Stephen's parliamentary areas.

Mr. Labouchere's town house is on St. James Park at Westminster and his country-seat at Twickenham-on-Thames. To a stranger he often seems shy. At times he will withdraw into his shell, as it were; but ill-betide him who rashly shall hit a tentacle, especially if Labouchere be moody. Whenever he is "at home," however, he is no longer editor nor M. P., but genial and even familiar. You may have read in the *News* a report of a speech made on the previous evening that roasted some item in a budget or that contained repartees to an interrupter which had made the latter wish he had held his tongue; and when with him at evening in a social way you would find difficulty in believing how one Labouchere could fit into the frame of the "other Labouchere," for the personation by the latter would not comport with the personation of the first Labouchere any more than the Henry Irving of a luncheon could be de-



PAPA LABOUCHERE AND DAUGHTER DORA.

tested in that Irving of the evening at the Lyceum Theatre, who is on the bill and before you performing *Mathias or Louis XI.* And yet the mere individuality in both cases will be the same. The Labouchere whom the House of Commons gallery knows may at times be an actor, but the Labouchere "at home" would never be found merely acting.

Upon one occasion I sat "under the clock" in the Commons awaiting the finish of a plucky attack Labouchere the M. P. was making from his seat on the Liberal benches against some item—say for the support of the royal lapdogs—in a pending supply bill, awaiting so that I might be ready for a little supper in a private room of the Commons restaurant, to which he had invited Evelyn Ashley, M. P., Captain O'Shea, M. P., several other colleagues and Blanche Roosevelt. "Please join us as an American to meet 'la belle Americaine,'" Labouchere had said as he passed me early in the evening. That occasion was my first experience of this "other Labouchere," but by no means my last one. When the entrée was served, I kept asking myself, as this "other" was paying graceful compliments to *la belle*, or rallying Captain O'Shea, or capping chaff with others: "Can this genial gentleman be that Labouchere who, an hour ago, was making an advisory, wishing himself anywhere out of reach of the bantering and sneers? Can this Labouchere discussing a game pie be the same man?" All the facts regarding the Angel Court swindle and Capel Court milking of the stock market I had read that afternoon in the current *Truth*.

I soon found him the true host in that he could and did "sink the shop," and quite within hearing of the "division bell," converse about the running opera, or criticise a new exhibition of toilette, or flirt with the leaves of a current novel, or courteously bring out the points or polish the sallies belonging to some guest.

It is, however, in his country house at Twickenham and on its grounds that the "other Labouchere" is most and best at home. Pope's Villa, with its "damp, moist, unpleasant body" of a grotto—as a Mantalini might describe the sad underground passage from riverside to garden—after a century of transitions from owner to owner, had, as all the world knows, passed into the freehold control of Mr. Labouchere.

Madame Labouchere, at Pope's Villa, with a rich, soft

lawn spreading between villa and river, and with a picturesque boathouse crowning one edge of the verdure, can give a garden-party or preside over pastoral amateur theatricals. There the semi-cynic and the whole-souled man of the world—a Major Pendennis and a Colonel Newcomb rolled into one—can summon his gentlemen guests to an arbor for smokers as the busy procession of boats and craft pass, bound for festal Richmond or smoky London wharves.

My first acquaintance with this villa and its grounds and romantic associations was on the occasion of a dinner-party given there one Sunday afternoon. Madame Patti Nicolini and her husband were guests; also a young bachelor peer and an elderly M. P., chairman of committees, with other celebrities, forming a party of twelve, who were about sitting down to first course when Mr. Whistler, the artist, unexpectedly arriving, sent in his card. He was then in the zenith of his grasshopper popularity. Mr. Labouchere, with brimming hospitality, answered the card with his own, on which he pencilled for the servant to suitably convey: "We are at dinner; join us." In a few moments Mr. Whistler obeyed, and a new shuffle of chairs and places was arranging, when the superstitious Nicolini muttered, half sotto voce: "Mon Dieu; troisième!" At this utterance two or three timid guests turned pale. Host Labouchere, however, equal to the emergency, executed a flank movement by handing to the butler (an impressive-looking person) a bit of bread on a fork, with: "Do us the favor to eat it, for then fourteen will be partaking." With a bow of obedience the butler gravely ate the bread.

Madame Nicolini is as superstitious as is the signor, and it was seen by her visage that she did not accept the Labouchere solution. She continued moody throughout the admirable dinner.

Each guest on that occasion is still alive, and, it is to be hoped, is happy and prosperous. Nor has the butler, who, like Marcus Curtius, sprang into the abyss as a saviour, yet "joined the majority." And, happily, all the Laboucheres survive.

A. OAKLEY HALL.

THEY BURIED HER 'MID ROSES.

"SHE had the grandest funeral I ever saw," said Aunt Emily, as she threw aside her crape and untied her bonnet. She had just come from the sandhills, where, on the sunny southern slope, that afternoon we had laid McGruder's wife to rest.

"I remember well when Sarah married McGruder," went on Aunt Emily; "it is most twenty-five years ago. She had a dozen beaux, I believe, and could have married any one of 'em, but she chose John McGruder; and, to say the least, we were all surprised."

"He never did much for her, eh?"

"Sarah used to be very pretty, and we all thought that she was so happy. She was one of those women who would take years of abuse and never say a word. He was drinking all the time."

"It is sad."

"He seemed to prosper, too. But he was a man of stone. He used to let the children run barefoot and half naked. Once I went over there in the dead of Winter and found Sarah crying without a fire and half starved, although she never would acknowledge it. It was pitiful to see her try to make both ends meet. She used to do her best to make her children look nice and neat. We all wanted to help her, but she was too proud."

"There are such women, aunty."

"He was too miserly to live half decently. During her last sickness, the doctor called twice. She kept saying she was getting better, in order, I know now, to keep down the expense."

"She was buried to-day, aunty?"

"She was buried to-day. Land sakes, it was the grandest funeral you ever saw! There must have been a hundred dollars' worth of roses and other expensive flowers out of season. He had a wide crape band on his hat. The children all wore new clothes. There was nearly half a mile of hacks. The casket must have been worth fully three hundred dollars more. There were the grandest flowers in the church you ever saw. The preacher told all about her sweet home life and of the great grief of her indulgent husband, and then the music swept forth sweet and low, saying as how there was rest over there. I was sitting in the gallery, but no one saw me. I couldn't help thinking if she could only rise from the dead, I wonder what she would say."

Have you ever met McGruder?

LOVE'S RETROSPECT.

THE shadows flash from wood to wood,
The sunlight leaps from hill to vale,
But coldly stirs my sluggish blood
And limbs are slow and cheeks are pale.

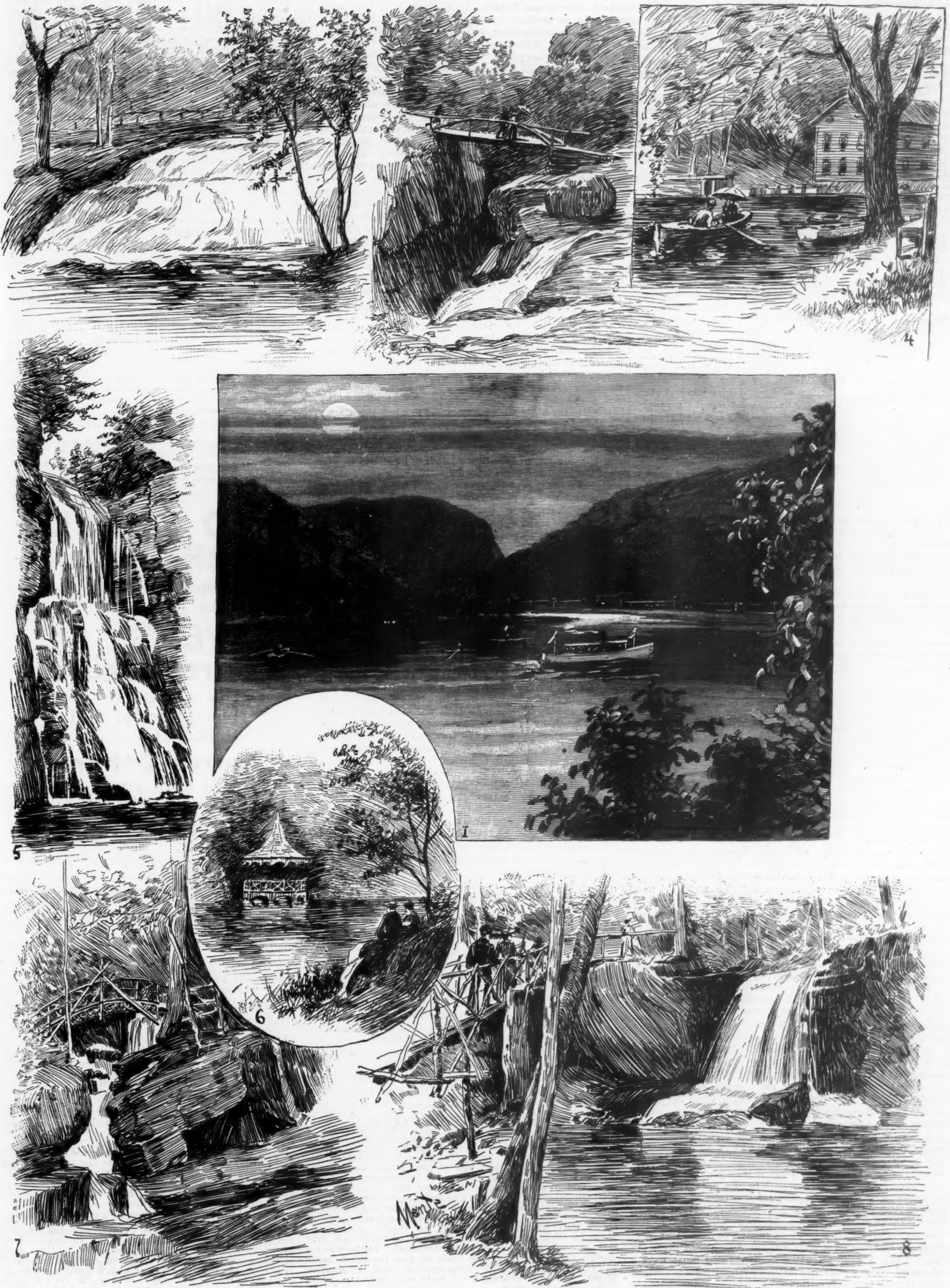
For all the glory of the Spring—
That brings new light to maiden's eyes,
That gives the bird a freer wing
And draws a softness from the skies—

Leaves on my heart a heavy weight,
That missing friendship's warmthful beam
Doth with blind senses contemplate
The purling rills, the winding stream.

Yet when the beauties of the year
We saw together day by day—
The green leaves changing to the sere,
The brown woods coloring to decay;

Ere yet our hearts had learned th' estrange
That moves the seasons unto Death—
Then had we seen each wondrous change
And marvel'd with united breath.

ARTHUR J. LAMB.



SCENES AT DELAWARE WATER GAP, PENNSYLVANIA.

1—Delaware Water Gap by Moonlight.
2—Buttermilk Falls.

3—Marshall's Falls, from above.
4—Silver Lake.

5—Bushkill Falls.
6—Lake Lenape.

7—Eureka Falls by Child's Arbor.
8—Caldono Falls.

THE "FREE LANCE" IN JOURNALISM.

The editor-in-chief, the managing editor, the Washington correspondent, the city editor and the reporter have each their pigeon-holes to fill and their daily grist to grind. The modern newspaper needs certain results each day from their desks, although it makes not the slightest difference who does the work. It is the policy of the time to require results without regard to the personnel of the producer.

The free lance in journalism has no pigeon-holes to fill and no desk to cover with copy. There is no daily grist for him to do. The results of his industry are generally non-essentials. The newspaper makes its customary appearances whether he has been in his workshop, or off on a jaunt, or in his bed. But while bread and butter are essentials to our morning meal, it may be the province of the free lance to supply to the newspaper breakfast-table the matutinal omelet or even the *café au lait*, not to speak of an occasional chateaubriand.

Coming to New York a stranger and a novice in journalism, a possibly typical free lance has earned by writing, as shown by his cashbook, about twenty-three thousand dollars in four and a half years. A free lance from preference, during only a few months in the course of that period has he been attached to the staff of any one of the New York journals. Some acquaintance was of necessity formed at an early day with the executive heads of most of them. The *Tribune*, *World*, *Sun*, *Herald*, *Recorder*, *Advertiser*, *Evening Telegram* and *News* have all printed articles from his pen. *Harper's Weekly*, *Truth*, *Judge*, *Frank Leslie's*, *Puck* and *The Clipper* have afforded a weekly market, while the McClure and Bachelier and Johnson syndicates in town, and the Boston *Herald*, and *Globe*, the Philadelphia *Press*, the Chicago *Herald* and *Tribune*, the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* and the Pittsburgh *Dispatch* at a distance, have bought a great deal of syndicated matter from him. It is necessary to go into details to some extent for the reason that the free lance in journalism cannot thrive without the amplest market, and nowhere else on the continent is any such market to be found as in New York City.

Independence—

"Heaven's next best gift
To that of life and an immortal soul"—

is peculiarly the blessing of the writers whose goings and comings are jotted down on no time-card, the arrival of whose "copy" is in no way necessary to the issue of the next edition, whose absence is not a matter of comment and whose presence may scarcely be a subject of observation.

Having his own office and his own hours, the independent journalist need receive orders from no man unless he chooses to go in search of them. As little as possible he "cools his heels in anterooms." Once known by the quality of his work, especially if he have, as he should, a specialty, his negotiations for the sale of his wares may be trusted, in great part, to the letter-carrier and the errand-boy.

There are two methods by which the free lance may accomplish his professional ends, the chief one of which is, of course, the sale of his writings.

He may select his own subject, gather his own facts, digest and write them into an article which he then submits to the newspaper whose columns offer, he supposes, the best market. And so he is, in effect, managing editor and reporter in one for the time being.

Or he may offer to a managing editor or a city editor to write an article on a specified subject, to be treated on certain lines and at an agreed length and price. The outcome will depend a good deal on the proposed subject matter. The free lance most naturally chooses an obvious topic on which he has or can readily get some information of value and not generally accessible. The routine phases of the subject will then be treated possibly by some staff employee of the journal to which the free lance makes his offer, the special information only being furnished by him. Or the whole subject, in its obvious and abstruse phases alike, may be turned over to him for treatment, which would not be done until he had secured the confidence of the executive in whose newspaper province the whole matter lay. And the only way to secure that confidence is by deserving work.

Or he may choose a subject which is not obvious enough to be included in the schedule of the managing editor or city editor, and yet which may be invested with a lively news interest by the value of the facts which he can set out about it, or the method of the setting, or both.

If he is confident of his possession of or ability to obtain these facts, and of his ability to present them with some special force or appositeness, such a writer will, at an early period in his career, ask special prices for his work. That is, more money per column than the seven and one-half dollars per eighteen hundred words which seems to be a routine price for newspaper commodities. Double rates, say fifteen dollars per eighteen hundred words, are little enough for him to aim at as a standard, and he should not be contented unless he can make his writings bring him in at least a penny a word on an average. For he needs, above all, to be a practical man.

There is, indeed, no reason for the free lance's existence as such unless he has some special ability or opportunity to make and sell copy that will command a special price. Many a good carpenter, or blacksmith, or clerk, or salesman has been spoiled to make a mediocre journalist. This implies that the journalist must have a specialty. The writer has endeavored, with some success, to cultivate two specialties, each of which has brought him thousands of dollars. One is the collection, day by day, from the current newspapers and magazines, and their classification and preservation, of clippings covering those topics of interest or information to which it may be the collector's desire and the privilege of his acquaintances or writers in general to refer in the future. After

such a collection has reached a useful size its care becomes of itself a regular part of the daily labor of its owner. Its intelligent employment gives him at hand a veritable storehouse of facts, all of which have been and may again be useful. So it insures him, at a slight expense of time, information which must often be had otherwise only by the expenditure of much time and labor.

The other specialty has been writing verses on topics of the day, hitting off some humorous phase of a weighty matter, or burlesquing some ridiculous aspect or action of a public character. Of recent years the publication of such verses has been a feature of many successful daily American newspapers. Formerly such departures from the habitual prose of the news or editorial columns were to be seen oftener in Sunday or weekly editions. It is now conceded that they may be made effective weapons in the offensive equipment of the press. In order to be profitable they must be the offspring of the moment.

The tendency of newspaper management in the metropolis, at least, appears to be away from the old system of centralized power and responsibility toward the establishment under one roof of a series of co-ordinate bureaus, each of which shall work toward one end and be responsible to the owner. The heads of these bureaus are changed as often as the owner sees fit, his judgment in the premises being based rather on observation of results than on any personal knowledge of the heads of the bureaus or their methods. The free lance has peculiarly interesting opportunities of seeing the working, and often clashing, of the bureaus, the intrigues by which an unpopular bureau-head may be eventually deposed, the jealousies which cannot fail to exist, the loyal, earnest, brain-taxing work which nevertheless comes out.

Nothing that he may honorably observe, in or out of a newspaper office, comes, indeed, amiss to his net. The more people he meets, the more prominent citizens he chats with, the more wide-awake he is to what the public talk of and the public prints discuss, the more successful he must be. He must have the nose for news and the tact and touch to make the most of it when secured. He must mingle in the Broadway throng, and, if he drifts in and out of the hotel corridors where men of mark stand about and learn what they talk about, so much the better for him from a pecuniary point of view. He has taken his trade for better or for worse and must not be content to stand aloof. Or, if he dislike mixing, he must tax his ingenuity to find something else as salable as what people say and do.

JOHN PAUL BOCK.

DELAWARE WATER GAP.

THE old and popular Summer resort among the hills that line the Delaware River has been crowded with visitors this season. Year after year this place attracts the same guests, who never tire of driving over its roads and fishing in the river and near-by brooks. George W. Childs, of Philadelphia, is registered at the Kittatinny House, and the interesting fact is recalled that on the first page of the hotel register of 1843 Mr. Childs's autograph also appears, hardly different in a single variation from his signature of to-day. Mrs. Childs has always been devoted to the Delaware highlands and has done much to add to their beauty. "Childs's Arbor" at the Water Gap, the rustic series of pagodas and stairways winding through Eureka Glen are pronounced one of the most perfect instances of rustic work in the country. The philanthropist has recently purchased a large tract of land up the river toward Milford, which he will beautify in the same way and much more elaborately, designing to throw it open to the public as a mountain park when completed. He will drive to this property in the course of his present stay at the Kittatinny.

The Gap is wholly in possession of the Summer pilgrim. A special artist has portrayed the principal features of the locality on page 13.

QUAND MEME.

WHEN you were young, and I was—well,
A shade less out of fashion
Than I am now—you heard me tell
The story of my passion.
You listened, but your pretty chaff
Spared my devotion never;
And I—to hear that sunny laugh
Had suffered ever!

Now I am old, and your are—well,
Fair in the Autumn glory,
Through which I trace the tears that fell
Upon your Summer story.
But Time who dims may not destroy;
New hope from him I borrow,
And crave no more to share your joy—
Only your sorrow!

AMONG THE MONEY-MAKERS.

THE most important event in railway financial circles in recent days is the decision of Judge McCormick, of the United States Circuit Court, at Dallas, Tex., holding the new railway commission law of that State unconstitutional. The railroad commissioners undertook to enforce rates which were unreasonably low, and under the law the railroads had no remedy or defense, as they were expressly denied the right to prove that the tariffs, schedules or orders of the commission were unreasonable or void. This amounts, practically, to depriving the railroads of their property without due process of law, and this the court held to be unconstitutional. There was no question of the right of the State to give the commission power to fix rates, the decision resting upon the absence of any remedy or defense when rates were made so low as to be unremunerative.

The decision will go a long way toward restoring confidence in the securities of the companies having lines in Texas and adjoining States; in fact, its good effect was promptly reflected in the almost instantaneous demand, at higher prices, for their stocks and securities. Ever since the passage of the law Mr. Gould has not been enthusiastic as to the future of the roads involved; but on his

return to New York, after an absence of about six months, he recognizes the importance of the change in the situation, and on the authority of Mr. Sage he is in the front of the bull ranks. Mr. Gould has been a very sick man, but his general health is now good, although it is not pretended that he is in robust health.

With Judge McCormick's decision as a precedent, conservative investors and capitalists argue that it will not be difficult to hold in restraint other commissions which have shown a disposition to be unjust to the railways. If that proves to be the case, railway securities will become much more stable investments than they have been, and stock exchange circles will undoubtedly reap considerable benefit from the improved condition of affairs.

The switchmen's strike at Buffalo has been a depressing influence on Wall Street. Not that it has caused any marked decline in the price of securities, but it has held in check operations which otherwise would have been made. The policy has been to wait until the troubles were over before undertaking new obligations.

The movement in what is known as the industrial stocks has grown to large proportion, and Sugar, Cordage, Lead, Whisky and General Electric have all scored material advances in prices. The disposition has been to trade in these stocks, which are not subject to the same adverse influences as those of railroads, and shrewd operators have taken advantage of this sentiment to do some very heavy manipulating. Unquestionably the large earnings these properties make are attractive to the average investor. The drawback attached to them is the secrecy with which their affairs are conducted. Nothing is ever known of the progress they are making until the end of the year, and in the meantime investors have to take the word of insiders, who are not always responsible for their utterances. Under these circumstances it is very easy to get up a scare concerning the properties, and when that is done quotations are apt to decline at a rate most alarming to people who may be operating on narrow margins.

Gold in considerable quantity is still being shipped abroad, but the movement is no longer alarming, because it is well understood that it is going for a special purpose and not as a commercial operation. Most of it goes to Austria, where preparations are being made for the resumption of the gold basis.

MIDAS.

WIFE—"Dear, what does this mean in the paper where it says the toast will be drunk standing?"

HUSBAND (experienced)—"That means, darling, that that particular toast comes early in the evening."

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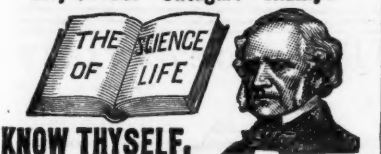
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THE ART OF VICTORIEN SARDOU.

MISS BLANCHE ROOSEVELT'S monograph on M. Victorien Sardou* has many merits and very few faults. The author is to be congratulated on having written what is in name and intention a *personal* study in so tactful and graceful a way that no living, no, nor even dead soul could take a grain of offense at any line in it. In this connection the author has shown perfect taste in giving no clew to the identity of a brilliant writer now deceased, and once the idol of Sardou, who was cruelly disillusioned on meeting him by chance. Nobody could possibly be better informed on her subject than the author, or write of it more pleasantly and unaffectedly; and when she diverges into critical paths her criticism, whether one fully agrees with it or not, is invariably keen and logical. This is what Miss Roosevelt tersely says of Sardou in his capacity as writer:

"Putting aside all natural qualities, I should unhesitatingly style Sardou the greatest dramatic artisan of the epoch. I use the word in the proper sense, meaning a laborer or builder—a man who makes form out of matter, who mosaics the tiniest bits into that which becomes a great whole. Who beside him can find those ingenious situations, those startling attitudes and audacious chimeras which abound in his work? For the mind is not merely ingenious, but the workman is such a master of his craft that he begins by knowing his own weaknesses, and ends, naturally, by playing upon the weaknesses of others. In dramatic scenes he seems to delight in urging his *dramatis personae* to the very verge of the possible—a hair more and they would reel into the gulf of the bathetic and impossible."

This is true, and very feelingly expressed. The instances adduced are apt. The author gives a practical illustration of the master's method. She herself took him a play, or part of a play, and he immediately fell foul of the treatment of one character who came on and went off the stage without sufficient explanation. She might come, he said, from the Arc or the Tower Eiffel. "Elle déroute tout le monde"—and your play is wellnigh damned long before it has been either heard or played." The same chapter contains a very interesting account of M. Sardou's "mise-en-scène book." Perhaps, apart from this, the most interesting conversation is that on Shakespeare. From this it would seem that M. Sardou is in no way of the opinion of Voltaire—as was once supposed—but that he properly enough reserves a right to criticise even Shakespeare. Miss Roosevelt knows her Paris and its literary and artistic world as well as the "Englishman in Paris" knew his, and the book, short as it is, is full of anecdotes and allusions that are amusing, and have no touch of anything that is not pleasant.

WHAT IS GREATNESS?

NAPOLEON, on returning from Elba, took shelter in an old woman's cottage from a storm. She had never heard that he had been replaced by the Bourbons on the throne. "And this is fame!" said Napoleon. Pope, when dying, was amazed that the trees were green. He thought that Nature ought to go into mourning. And we all, from the highest to the lowest, fancy ourselves far more important to the world's economy than we are. What is this world? An infinitesimal ball of stone and mud rolling about through space we know not whence or where, of no greater size in comparison with the millions on millions of other worlds than an ant-hill on its surface—a mere, almost indistinguishable, spot in infinity, with a quantity of insignificant creatures on it who flutter about for a few minutes and then are resolved into the elements. Is it not, then, too absurd that these creatures should be ever seeking to lord it over each other, and that any human being should care for what he calls "fame"? I never look at an ant's nest without these thoughts occurring to me. How contemptuously we should feel for an ant hoping for eternal renown because he has slaughtered a lot of other ants; how ridiculous we should deem some ant, more silly than the others, believing himself to be a very superior creature, because some ancestor had either by good or evil deeds required the right to transmit some combination of letters to his descendants as a prefix to their names. With what huge laughter should we contemplate an ant,

* "Victorien Sardou: A Personal Study." By Blanche Roosevelt. Officer of the Academy of France. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co. 1892.

proud, haughty and happy, because he has been permitted by another ant to wear a bit of straw round his loins. What should we think of an ant's nest in which half the ants are starving whilst the other half have more food in their cells than they could ever eat! And all these reflections occur to me on hearing of the death of Robert Lowe, Viscount Sherbrooke. What he said, what he thought, what he did and what he would do, was for a time on everyone's tongue. But who, beyond a few personal friends, has known during the last ten years whether he existed? At last he dies. Then his jokes are disinterred, his former services are recounted and articles are written on him. A fortnight hence it will hardly be remembered that he ever lived.

HENRY LABOUCHERE.

BIDED HIS TIME.

MR. HENRY DICKENS, who is a lawyer, says that his father, Charles Dickens, the novelist, was very fond of lawyers, and he tells this story of his father and Mr. Frederick Ouvry, the well-known solicitor. On one occasion Dickens was in treaty for a piece of land at the back of Gad's Hill, the proposed vendor being an old farmer, a keen old man of business and a hard nut to crack. An interview was arranged with him at Gad's Hill for a certain evening, and Mr. Ouvry came down for the purpose of being present when the bargain was struck. Dickens and Ouvry were sitting over their wine when the old man was announced.

"We had better go in," said Dickens. "No, no," said the astute lawyer. "John" (to the butler), "show him into the study and take him a bottle of old port wine." Then, turning to Dickens, "A glass of port will do him no harm; it will soften him."

After waiting about twenty minutes, they went into the study. The farmer was sitting bolt upright in an armchair, stern and uncompromising; the bottle of port had not been touched. The negotiations then proceeded very much in favor of the farmer and the bargain was struck. With a chuckle, the old man then turned his attention to the port and finished the bottle.

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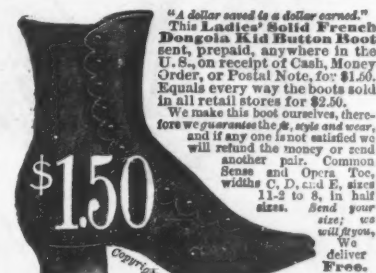
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